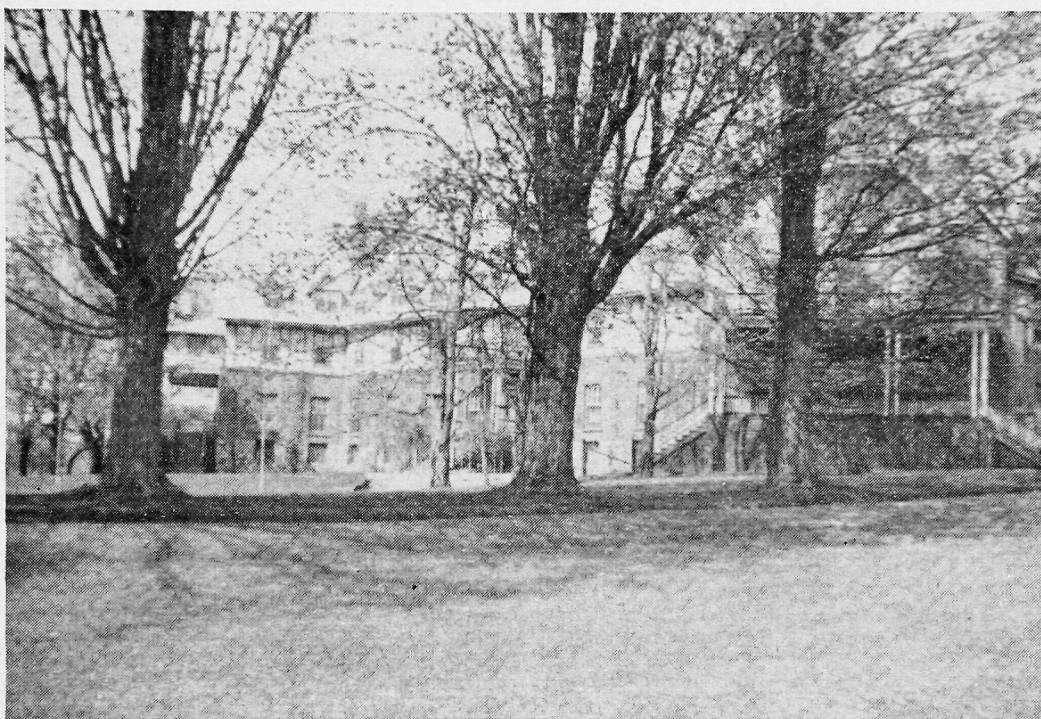


Per Annos



King's Hall

1951



King's Hall
Compton
Quebec

Per Annos

June 1951

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Editorial

"Per Annos"—a short Latin phrase. We read the simple words and mentally translate, "Through the years." We repeat the phrase and gradually it becomes more than a mere translation. To us it is a collection of memories of the past, a reminder of the present and of our hopes and aspirations for the future.

We, the class of '51, will always have with us the memory of our years here at King's Hall. Not only the most significant incidents, but also the ordinary day-to-day happenings will remain fixed in our minds. We will remember the skiing picnics (the delight of sitting in a snow bank with a steaming cup of cocoa!) the exciting walks to the barn with the anticipation of seeing a day-old calf, or the joy of wandering through the orchard in the spring. Will we ever forget the croc-walks? Never! Will we always remember the long bicycle rides in the fall, the walks around the six-mile square, the afternoons of tennis or soccer and the feeling of pride at passing a ski test and being allowed the privilege of the Coaticook Woods. All our lives we will remember these moments which can never be recaptured.

Perhaps the most outstanding of these reminiscences will be the times we have striven and succeeded, or more often failed. These lie not only in the academic field, but in the little things that

we have done—the things that matter. How often have we offered help to a person in trouble or comfort to a homesick newcomer, and yet our little deed has passed unnoticed? How many times have we tried to coax food into a stubborn dieter, but to no avail! We have tried and failed in many things, but in remembering a quotation of Miss Gillard's we have taken heart and endeavoured to do our best—"A gallant failure is better than a mean success."

We will soon be leaving school and entering an entirely new life. This will not be easy as we begin to realize the full impact of our independence, our duties and responsibilities. How many of us will then remember the value of Current Events, Music Clubs, and excursions into Montreal and Sherbrooke to be members of a mass choir? We will realize the worth of articles, famous essays and biographies which Miss Gillard has read to us. These and many other parts of the education we have received will be the basis of our understanding in the years to come.

We will be leaving school with tears in our eyes and many cherished memories in our hearts. Let us, through the years, show ourselves worthy of the privilege of having come to King's Hall, and so make our generation a finer one.

EVE GORDON, Editor

For the last few years the various magazine committees have been faced with the problem of a name for our magazine. Contest after contest had failed to produce a satisfactory answer. This year, however, our editor announced that it was compulsory for every girl to hand in at least one suggestion. The result of this was "Per Annos," entered by Fiona Bogart. Fiona could have no greater reward than knowing that she has christened our school magazine.

MARY FELLOWS, Matric

Special thanks are due to members of the staff who have helped us produce this magazine. We would also like to thank those girls who so willingly gave up their time to typing the various articles.



Miss Gillard's Letter

Dear Girls:

17th May, 1951

During the Christmas holidays I attended the Biennial Meetings of the Association of Headmistresses of Canada. One of the guest speakers was Provost R. S. Seeley of Trinity College, Toronto.

The Provost's address gave the members of the Association much food for thought, and I feel that I would like to pass his message on to you.

The Provost's theme was, "The Need for a Spirit of Adventure in Meeting the Problems of Modern Life." The demand for security is in danger of deadening the initiative of the young people of to-day. In the case of a young country like Canada, with her vast resources providing unlimited opportunity for development, the lack of the spirit of adventure can be disastrous. The demand for material possessions is hampering the adventurous spirit. Adventure should promote service for the community and the willingness to give leadership in civic and community enterprises.

There is still much pioneering to be done in many fields by young Canadian women as well as young Canadian men. There is need for teachers and nurses in outlying parts: drivers and teachers are needed for Sunday School vans—it seems wrong that Canada should still be looking to England to "man" the vans, which is the case at present: many communities are crying out for young people to organize Drama Groups, Music Clubs, Sports Clubs, Red Cross Groups, Guide Companies, etc., etc. The opportunities of making a contribution of

leadership on a community level are endless. And after marriage? It is true that for a few years a young married woman's interests and time are necessarily confined somewhat to the home, but how many are enriching their homes with cultural and spiritual values?

This is a matter which is very close to my heart, and to which I give a great deal of thought. The girls or boys who have been privileged to attend a good private school should consider it an honour as well as a duty to give leadership on a community level.

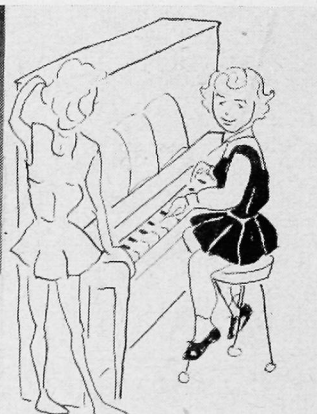
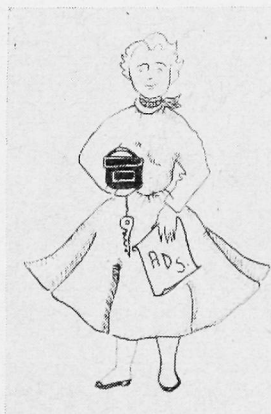
I would end with one piece of advice. I take it from Saint Simon, that clever onlooker at the Court of Louis XIV whose memoirs are famous. His morning greeting to himself was—

"Get up, Monsieur le Comte! You have great things to do to-day." "You will all of you go out to lives that you **can** make empty, self-indulgent and narrow if you wish. On the other hand, every day of your life you **can** make 'the wings of your soul' grow by an honest bit of work for others. There are great things, worth-while things, for you to do if you have the will to do them. So this is my last bit of advice to you as your schooldays draw to a close and you go out to a larger life—"Get up, Monsieur le Comte! You have great things to do to-day."

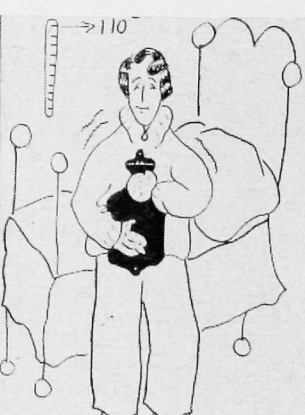
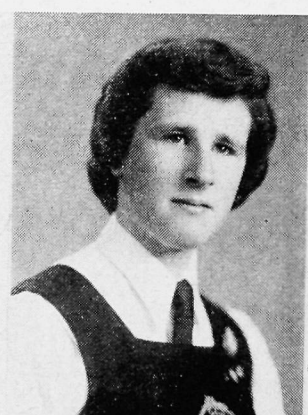
Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD

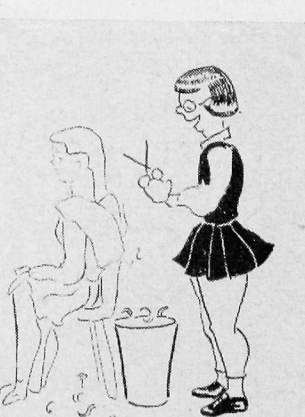
Head Girls



JUDITH MORTON



DIANE TAYLOR



ELIZABETH CREERY

JUDITH MORTON—"Judy" MacDonald
Town of Mount Royal, P.Q. 1947-51

"How much better is it to weep at joy
than to joy at weeping."

Favourite Expression:—"Don't feel individual."

Favourite Pastime:—Hoarding excess paraphernalia

Pet Aversion:—People telling her to go on a diet.

Ambition:—To make "The Town" famous.

Probable Destination:—"The Town" making *her* famous.

Prototype:—Homer Pigeon.

Activities:—Head of MacDonald 1950-51; Head Girl Christmas Term; MacDonald House 1947-51; House Soccer 1948-51; Form Soccer 1947-51; Senior Soccer Team 1949-51; House Basketball 1948-51; Form Basketball 1947-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Choir 1948-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events Club 1949-51; Library Committee 1947-50; Head of Library 1950-51; School Play 1949-50; Magazine Committee 1949-51.

DIANE TAYLOR—"Di" Rideau
Westmount, P.Q. 1948-51

"I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face."

Favourite Expression:—"I'm really quite keen!"

Favourite Pastime:—Blushing.

Pet Aversion:—Eating—of course.

Ambition:—Physiotherapy.

Probable Destination:—Blowing up the football for the McGill team.

Activities:—Head Prefect on Rideau 1950-51; Head Girl Easter Term; Rideau 1948-51; House Soccer 1948-51; Form Soccer 1948-51; School Soccer 1948-51; House Basketball 1949-51; Form Basketball 1948-51; School Basketball 1950-51; House Volleyball 1949-50; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Form Softball 1948-50; School Play 1949-50; Music Club 1949-50; Current Events 1949-51; Library Committee 1948-51; Sports Captain 1949-50.

ELIZABETH CREERY—"Liz" MacDonald 1948-50
Victoria, B.C. Montcalm 1950-51

"The land of the heart is the land of the West."

Favourite Expression:—"Don't be silly."

Favourite Pastime:—Laughing.

Pet Aversion:—Dirty sinks.

Ambition:—Free trip to South America.

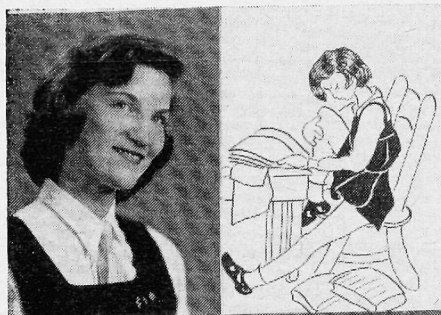
Probable Destination:—Mending Spanish books.

Prototype:—Cheshire cat.

Activities:—Prefect on Montcalm 1950-51; Head Girl Summer Term; MacDonald 1948-50; Form Soccer 1949-50; House Soccer 1950; Form Volleyball 1948-51; Form Softball 1948-50; Public Speaking Contest 1951; Choir 1950-51; Form Captain 1949-50; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Library Committee 1949-51.

This year we had—as you can see—not one but three Head Girls. This year an experiment was tried to give the Head of each House a turn in the most responsible position the School has to offer. In this way each girl has had an opportunity to demonstrate, in a more public fashion, the qualities of leadership which earned her her position as Prefect. An added advantage is that occupying the position for only a fraction of the school year has relieved the Head Girl from the almost impossible task of keeping up her academic standing and her duties. The innovation has worked well—each House has been very proud of its Prefect as Head Girl—each Head Girl has given a great deal to the School during her term of office and as a result the School year of 1950-51 has been most successful.

Prefects



PAMELA STEWART—"Pamy"
Montreal, P.Q.

MacDonald
1949-51

"Well fitted in art."

Favourite Expression:—"I must tidy my loose leaf."

Ambition:—"To be an artist."

Probable Destination:—"Whitewashing walls."

Activities:—"Prefect on MacDonald 1950-51; MacDonald 1949-51; House Basketball 1949-50; School Basketball 1950-51; Form Basketball 1949-51; House Soccer 1949-50; Form Soccer 1949-50; House Volleyball 1949-51; School Volleyball 1949-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Form Softball 1949-50; Choir 1950-51; Current Events 1949-51; Ski Tests C and B; Magazine Committee 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51."



JEAN CHAPLIN
Abbotsford, P.Q.

Rideau
1948-51

"The apple grows so bright and high
And ends its days in apple pie."

Favourite Expression:—"The second bell's gone."

Ambition:—"Dietician."

Probable Destination:—"Short-order cook for one man's family."

Activities:—"Prefect on Rideau 1950-51; Rideau 1948-51; House Soccer 1950-51; Form Soccer 1950-51; Public Speaking Contest 1951; School Play 1950; Current Events 1950-51."

JEAN LINDSEY—"Jeanie"
Swampscott, Mass.

Montcalm 1950-51
MacDonald 1948-50

"The very hair on my head
Stands up for dread."

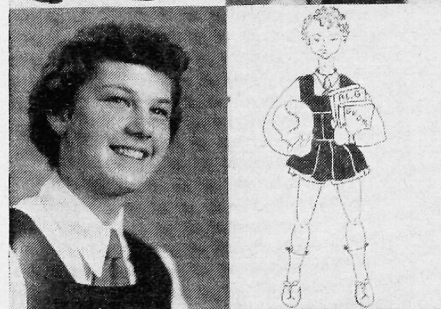
Favourite Expression:—"By cracky."

Ambition:—"Be a secretary for a "Dentist."

Probable Destination:—"Being the patient."

Prototype:—"Mary Martin."

Activities:—"Prefect on Montcalm 1950-51; MacDonald 1948-50; House Soccer 1948-51; Form Soccer 1948-51; School Soccer 1949-51; House Basketball 1948-51; Form Basketball 1948-51; School Basketball 1950-51; House Volleyball 1949-51; Form Softball 1949-51; Choir 1949-51; Music Club 1948-51; Current Events 1949-51; Ski Tests C and B; Library Committee 1949-51; School Play 1949."



JOAN DONALD—"John"
Ancaster, Ontario.

Montcalm
1946-51

"Oh, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!"

Favourite Expression:—"I figured, well heck!"

Ambition:—"To take life easy."

Probable Destination:—"Hard to tell!"

Activities:—"Residence Captain 1950-51; Montcalm 1946-51; Five Years 1946-51; Form Soccer 1946-48; Form Softball 1948-50; Form Basketball 1947-49; Form Volleyball 1948-50; School Play 1950; Music Club 1950-51; Current Events 1949-51; Ski Tests C and B."



Form Captains

MARGOT BEAUBIEN—"Beaub"
Montreal, P.Q.

Montcalm
1946-51

"Who to herself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law and is a queen indeed."

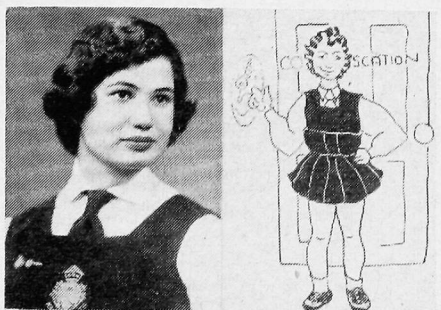
Favourite Expression:—"I nearly died."

Pet Aversion:—"French verbs!"

Ambition:—"To relieve poor Einstein of his worries."

Probable Destination:—"Sweeping Einstein's floor."

Activities:—"Montcalm 1946-51; House Soccer 1949-51; School Soccer 1949-51; Form Soccer 1947-51; House Basketball 1949-51; Form Basketball 1947-51; School Basketball 1951; House Volleyball 1950; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Form Captain 1947-49, 1950-51; Public Speaking Contest 1951; Current Events 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; Magazine Committee 1951; School Play 1950."



SARAH GRANT—"Sare"
Ottawa, Ontario.

Montcalm
1948-51

Travel is a part of education!

Favourite Expression:—"Oh, Mare."

Pet Aversion:—"Monsieur," in the middle of the night.

Ambition:—"To travel."

Activities:—"Montcalm 1948-51; Form Captain 1950-51; Form Basketball 1949-50; House Volleyball 1949-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Form Soccer 1949-50; House Soccer 1949-50; Form Softball 1948-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; School Play 1949-50."



ROBIN BOCOCK
Johannesburg, South Africa

Rideau
1949-51

For my voice,
I have lost it with the singing of anthems.

Favourite Expression:—"Rah—ther streenge."

Favourite Pastime:—Training that "upsweep."

Pet Aversion:—Tidying her "dozen" desks.

Prototype:—A grasshopper.

Activities:—Rideau 1949-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Choir 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Public Speaking Contest 1951; School Play 1949-50; Magazine Committee 1951.



ANNE BORIGHT
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Montcalm
1948-51

"God bless the man who first invented sleep."

Favourite Expression:—"It's just amazing!"

Pet Aversion:—Liz using bed-room for a barber shop.

Ambition:—Nurse.

Activities:—Montcalm 1948-51; Form Soccer 1950; Form Softball 1948-51; Form Volleyball 1948-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Ski Test C; School Play 1950; Library Committee 1949-51; Choir 1950-51.



SHEILA BULMAN—"Bul"
Shawinigan, P.Q.

Montcalm
1948-51

"She that is thy friend indeed,
She will help thee in thy need."

Favourite Expression:—"Naughty! naughty!"

Favourite Pastime:—Going off her diet!

Ambition:—To get her R.N.

Activities:—Montcalm 1948-51; Choir 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; School Play 1950; Public Speaking Contest 1951; Form Volleyball 1949-51.



DIANE DREW—"Di"
Montreal, P.Q.

Rideau
1949-51

"Where are the snows of yester year?"

Favourite Expression:—"Obviously."

Favourite Pastime:—Talking.

Ambition:—To have a career.

Probable Destination:—Managing her dog's career.

Activities:—Rideau 1949-51; House Volleyball 1949-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Choir 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; School Play 1950; Public Speaking Contest 1951; Ski Tests C and B.



CLAIRE FAULKNER—"Squeaky"
Ste. Agathe, P.Q.

Montcalm
1947-51

"I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit
till I break my shins against it."

Favourite Expression:—"Don't be dense."

Ambition:—To be free of debts.

Probable Destination:—Making counterfeit money.

Activities:—Montcalm 1947-51; Form Soccer 1947-51; House Soccer 1950-51; Form Basketball 1947-51; House Volleyball 1949-50; Form Volleyball 1949-50; Form Softball 1949-50; Choir 1950-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; School Play 1950.



MARY FELLOWS—"Mare"
Montreal, P.Q.

MacDonald
1949-51

"We shall never understand one another
until we reduce the language to seven words."

Favourite Expression:—"Oh Sare."

Favourite Pastime:—Eat, drink, and be Mary.

Ambition:—Journalism.

Activities:—MacDonald 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; Public Speaking Contest 1951; School Play 1950; Magazine Committee 1950-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Form Softball 1949-50; Form Soccer 1949-50; Form Basketball 1949-50; House Volleyball 1949-50; House Soccer 1949-50.





JANET FRY—"Fry"

Westmount, P.Q.

Montcalm

1948-51

"The best of healers is good cheer."

Favourite Expression:—"C'mon gang—co-operate."

Pet Aversion:—People who sniff.

Ambition:—To be a nurse.

Probable Destination:—Partnership with Jerry or Joe Lewis.

Activities:—Montcalm 1948-51; House Soccer 1948-51; Form Soccer 1948-51; School Soccer 1950-51; House Basketball 1948-51; Form Basketball 1948-51; School Basketball 1950-51; House Volleyball 1949-50; Form Volleyball 1948-51; Form Softball 1949-50; Ski Tests C and B; Library Committee 1948-50; School Play 1949-50; Current Events 1949-51.



ENID GOELET

Stowe, Vermont

Montcalm

1947-51

"I bear a charmed life."

Favourite Expression:—"Mm—yes indeed!"

Favourite Pastime:—Just eating.

Ambition:—Commercial art.

Probable Destination:—Squeezing tubes for Jon Whitcombe!

Activities:—MacDonald 1947-51; House Soccer 1947-51; Form Soccer 1947-51; School Soccer 1947-51; Form Basketball 1948-51; House Basketball 1948-51; Form Captain 1948; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Ski Tests B and C; House Volleyball 1949-50.



EVE GORDON—"Evie"

Montreal, P.Q.

Montcalm

1947-51

"Lazy fokes's stummucks don't get tired."

Favourite Expression:—"Oh stop!"

Pet Aversion:—People who diet.

Ambition:—To get a French degree at McGill.

Probable Destination:—Interpreter for the Montreal Tramways!

Activities:—Montcalm 1947-51; Form Soccer 1947-51; Form Basketball 1947-48; Form Volleyball 1949-50; Form Softball 1948-49; Choir 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Ski Tests C and B; Public Speaking Contest 1951; School Play 1950; Editor of Magazine 1951.



KATHERINE HARVEY—"Kathy"

Toronto, Ontario

Montcalm

1947-51

"I mind my compass and my way"

Favourite Expression:—"Precisely."

Favourite Pastime:—Day dreaming.

Pet Aversion:—Flavourless compasses.

Ambition:—Psychologist.

Probable Destination:—Verdun.

Prototype:—Football player.

Activities:—Montcalm 1947-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51.



BARBARA MACINTOSH—"Barbie"

Montreal, P.Q.

MacDonald

1945-51

"She smooths her hair with automatic hand,

And puts a record on the gramophone."

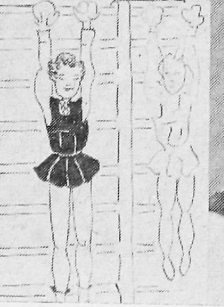
Favourite Pastime:—Looking for stars.

Pet Aversion:—Being without a radio.

Ambition:—To be on radio.

Probable Destination:—"Rinso white!"

Activities:—MacDonald 1945-51; Choir 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; School Play 1950; Library Committee 1948-49; Volleyball 1949-50.



BARBARA O'HALLORAN—"Babs"

Quebec City, P.Q.

Montcalm

1949-51

"A woman who runs through fire and water
for such a kind heart."

Favourite Pastime:—Changing furniture around.

Pet Aversion:—Claire's alarm clock.

Ambition:—To shrink.

Probable Destination:—Succeeding Goliath.

Activities:—Montcalm 1949-51; Senior Basketball 1950-51; Form Basketball 1950-51; House Basketball 1950-51; Current Events 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; House Soccer 1949-50; Form Soccer 1949-50; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Ski Test C; Choir 1949-51; House Volleyball 1949-50; Form Softball 1949; School Play 1950.

PAMELA PASMORE—"Pam"
Montreal, P.Q.

Rideau
1947-51

"Her waist exceeding small."
Favourite Expression:—"Well my dear, today....."
Favourite Pastime:—Doing exercises to reduce her waist!
Ambition:—To be bilingual sooner or later.
Probable Destination:—Chief cook and bottle-washer aboard a trans-Atlantic cattle boat.
Activities:—Rideau 1947-51; Form Volleyball 1950-51; Choir 1947-51; Current Events 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; School Play 1950.

WILLA PRICE—"Lal"
Quebec City, P.Q.

Montcalm
1949-51

"Ah, why
Should life all labour be?"
Favourite Expression:—"I've got to have a shampoo."
Favourite Pastime:—Cramming after lights.
Ambition:—Ski Pro in Switzerland.
Probable Destination:—Running a ski-tow at Val Cartier.
Activities:—Montcalm 1949-51; House Soccer 1949-51; Form Soccer 1949-51; School Soccer 1950-51; House Basketball 1949-51; Form Basketball 1949-51; School Basketball 1950-51; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Form Softball 1949-50; Sports Captain 1950-51; Choir 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; Ski Tests C and B.

SALLY SHARWOOD—"Shar"
Westmount, P.Q.

Rideau
1947-51

"This news is old enough, yet is every day's news."
Favourite Expression:—"Get in the groove."
Pet Aversion:—Tidying the cupboard floor.
Ambition:—To fly to Switzerland to ski.
Probable Destination:—Water skiing across the Atlantic.
Activities:—Rideau 1947-51; School Soccer 1948-51; Form Soccer 1947-51; House Soccer 1947-51; House Basketball 1948-50; Form Basketball 1947-50; Form Volleyball 1949-51; House Volleyball 1949-50; Music Club 1949-51; Current Events 1949-51; School Play 1950; Magazine Committee 1950-51; Ski Tests C and B; Library Committee 1948-51.

SUSAN TEAKLE—"Sue"
Westmount, P.Q.

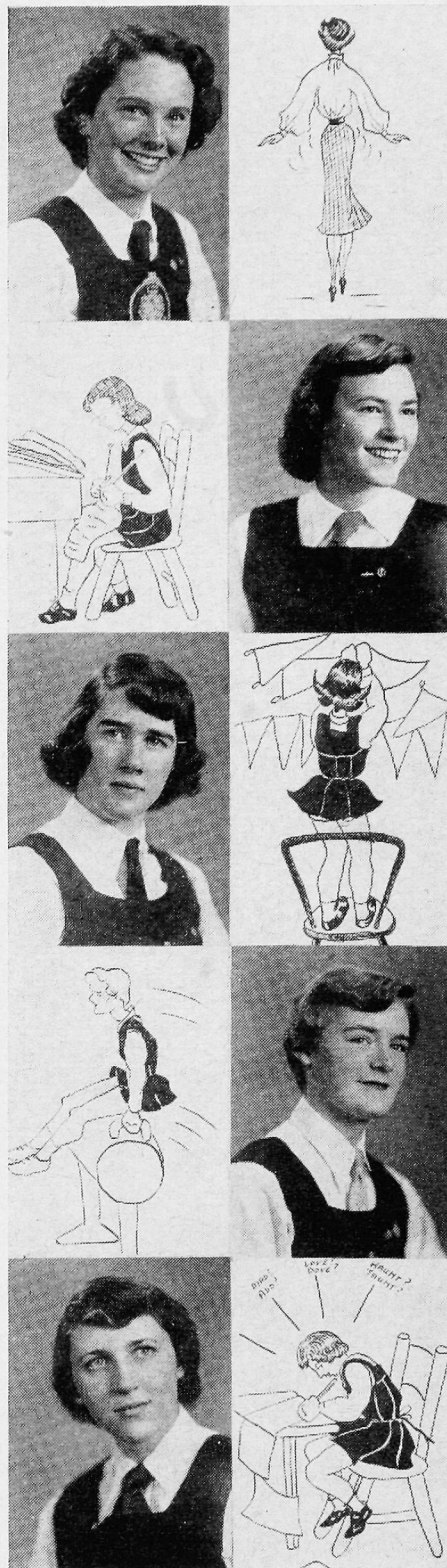
MacDonald
1946-51

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good."
Favourite Expression:—"I haven't been over this."
Prototype:—Woody Woodpecker.
Ambition:—Susan Teakle, R.N.
Probable Destination:—Miss Morris' little helper.
Activities:—MacDonald 1946-51; House Soccer 1946-51; Form Soccer 1946-51; School Soccer 1946-49; Form Volleyball 1946-51; House Volleyball 1946-47, 1949-50; House Basketball 1946-51; Form Basketball 1946-51; School Basketball 1950-51; Form Softball 1949-50; Sports Captain 1947-48; Choir 1949-51; Music Club 1948-51; Current Events 1948-51; Ski Test C; Library Committee 1947-49; School Play 1950.

SUSAN WIGLE—"Wiggle"
Hamilton, Ontario.

Rideau
1949-51

"A really busy person never knows how much she weighs."
Favourite Expression:—"C'mon, Jan."
Favourite Pastime:—Weighing herself.
Pet Aversion:—Being tempted (with food).
Ambition:—Poet Laureate.
Probable Destination:—Writing commercials for the "Jello family."
Activities:—Rideau 1949-51; House Soccer 1949-51; Form Soccer 1950-51; School Soccer 1950-51; House Basketball 1949-51; Form Basketball 1949-51; School Basketball 1950-51; House Volleyball 1949-50; Form Volleyball 1949-51; Form Softball 1949-50; Current Events 1949-51; Music Club 1949-51; School Play 1950; Magazine Committee 1951.



Forty Years On

Strains of our school anthem, with a large question mark after the first three words, ran through our minds. What would the Matrics '51 be like in forty years? Well, why not ask Rosabel Lee? Trembling with fear, we crept into the murky shadows of the gypsy's caravan, where we sat with numerous forebodings. The gnarled old gypsy leant over the enormous crystal ball, staring fixedly into its mysterious depths, and mumbling incomprehensible words of her gypsy lore. Suddenly she broke off and in a shrill, cracking voice chanted her weird prophecies.

"Sue Wigle, after many years of serious work on psychology, will become an interesting human guinea pig for frustrated psychologists.

A horrible phenomenon will occur in Janet's life, for the wind will change one day and her temporary comic face will become a permanent one. In forty years' time she will be desperately receiving plastic surgery.

Margot Beaubien's artistic talents will be displayed in one of the more gruesome comic strips of the *Gazette*.

For the next forty years, Di Taylor will persevere in her attempts to get onto the Olympic team. At the end of that time she will consent with great pleasure to take the important position of holding the tape at the finish of the Marathon Race.

During the future years, thousands of the country's beautiful prison cells will acquire the distinctive signs of Barbara O'Halloran's outstanding interior decorating.

After forty years of continuous travelling, Lal Price will be seriously trying to select a husband from a mixed variety of African, Italian, French, Chinese and Russian fiancés.

Pam Stewart will be methodically cleaning the paint brushes of some future Leonardo da Vinci, that is, if she isn't the Leonardo!

Poor Jean! After forty years her mathematical ability will be finally used in teaching the two-times-table at the Technical College of Tinderfertero.

Di Drew will have been carefully trying to preserve her shiny, white dentures and giggle to be the "Ipana Gal" for the fortieth consecutive year.

After so many years of imitating weird characters, Eve will be having her own personality restored under concentrated medical care.

Pam Pasmore, when not modeling tight skirts and blousey blouses, will be domesticating a scientist in her spare time.

At the end of forty years, Judy Morton will still be concentrating as hard as ever on the addition and subtraction of sums, inclined to be longer than herself but consisting only of numbers from one to five.

In the years to come, Barby's melodious voice will come floating out of the radio, advertising the latest hair rinses.

After forty years of careful sewing on her wedding dress Enid will keep her prospective groom waiting at the altar while she finishes the hem.

Claire will become the leading Samba lady at the Casa Blanca with rings on her fingers and bandages around her knees.

Jean Chaplin's apple industry will prosper during the forthcoming years to such an extent that she will be supplying Compton with delicious apple sauce.

In forty years time, the Bulman theory will have at last reached the headlines, "If you want to preserve your pores, DON'T take an aspirin before you step outdoors."

When Kathy isn't practising law on her children, she'll amuse herself by psychoanalysing them.

Anne Boright will be the proud inventor, after her nursing career, of a hair tonic for bald women and a wart remover.

After years and years of listening to Mare's vocabulary Sare (Sarah) finally produced an encyclopedia on "How NOT to Pronounce Words."

At the close of forty years' continuous letter writing, Joan will finally receive the letter writer and they will live on funds received from her invention of "Curved" stockings.

"Liz's Beauty Parlour" will be prospering, as it takes longer than forty years for crew cuts to vanish from the navy.

After forty years of painstaking experiments on chickens and mildewed corn syrup, Sue will finally produce the world's most nourishing egg nogs and a continuous supply of dynamic penicillin.

After chasing Maurice Richard around the ice for forty years, Sal will be content to marry the ice sweeper.

The old gypsy stopped, took a deep breath, and seemed strangely reluctant to continue. We looked at each other, wondering what could be the cause of the delay. Suddenly the truth dawned and we were out of the door before she could utter another word. After all, you can't blame us for not wanting to know our *own* futures, which, we mutually agreed, might be better left unprinted!

Perhaps the gypsy's predictions will prove right; perhaps wrong—in many cases we sincerely hope they will be right! Whatever our futures may be, we wish on behalf of the Arts and Science Matrics to thank both Miss Morris and Miss Wallace for their patience, guidance and understanding, which we shall remember and appreciate long after "Forty Years On."

ROBIN BOCOCK
MARY FELLOWS

ED'S NOTE:

We have just received a frantic report from an old gypsy who calls herself Rosabel Lee. It seems that she had recently been called upon by two unknown visitors. Having heard the futures of twenty-four other girls, they had left her caravan before they had heard their own. Poor Rosabel Lee, fearing that the two had forgotten their own in their haste, sent the following message!

'The old red Mare will still be what she used to be,' because after forty successful years of journalism and correcting Mr. Webster's misprints, she will be writing a column for the Gazette on 'How to Bring Charm and Control Into Your Laugh.'

Robin, who will have spent countless hours of practice a day, will have at last pleased her fellow Zulus by managing to support a laundry basket on that persistent upsweep.

(Signed) ROSABEL LEE



ORANGES FOR BREAKFAST

School Calendar

Sept. 13	School Re-Opened	Jan. 10	School Re-Opened
Oct. 2	Red Cross Lecture	Jan. 14	Concert given by Frances James and Murray Adasken
Oct. 3	Mr. Woodhouse's Concert	Feb. 4	Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy's Piano Recital
Oct. 5	Harvest Service at Church	Feb. 7	Bishop of Arctic's Talk on Arctic
Oct. 9	Thanksgiving Holiday	Feb. 9	Attended Concert in Sherbrooke given by Miss Dawson, Mrs. Bell and Miss Scarth
Oct. 9	Tea Dance at B.C.S.	Feb. 10	Mid-Term Holiday
Oct. 28	Soccer Game with Stanstead at King's Hall	Feb. 20	Matric's Public Speaking Contest
Oct. 28	Matric Entertainment	Feb. 23	Winner of Speaking Contest went to Contest in Sherbrooke
Nov. 1	Soccer Game with Stanstead at Stanstead	March 4	House Music Competition
Nov. 6	Soccer Game with B.C.S. Prep Team at King's Hall	March 10	Concert given by String Trio
Nov. 10	Mrs. Carrington's Talk on Diplomatic Service	March 21	School Closed
Nov. 15	Dance with B.C.S. Prep at King's Hall	April 4	School Re-Opened
Nov. 18	School Dance	April 13	Attended U.B.C. Play
Nov. 25	Mid-Term Holiday	April 21	Operetta given by Juniors
Nov. 26	Mr. Strom's Talk on Mt. McKinley	April 28	Operetta Junior Cottage
Dec. 3	Miss Gillard's Birthday Party	May 5	Choir took part in Festival in Montreal
Dec. 10	Carol Service and VB Play	May 12	Operetta—VB
Dec. 15	School Closed	May 18	Drama Festival in Sherbrooke
		May 19	Confirmation Service
		May 24	Music Festival in Sherbrooke
		June 8	School Closing

A SPEAKING LIKENESS



This year we have been exceptionally fortunate in having a gifted sculptress at King's Hall in the person of Madame Lamprecht, one of the matrons at the Junior Cottage. Madame Lamprecht came to Canada from Poland last year where she had made sculpturing, especially portrait sculpturing, her profession. Formerly she studied in Kracow, Munich and Berlin and had exhibited in Bremen.

During the Easter holidays, Mme Lamprecht modeled a bust of Miss Gillard in which she reproduced not only Miss Gillard's features but also her expression and personality. The bust, which is approximately lifesize, was first modeled in clay before being cast into plaster; we are hoping to have it recast into bronze. By looking at this bust, the students of King's Hall in the far-distant future will be able to see these characteristics of Miss Gillard which we so admire and love.

Quid Nobis?

Last June we were warned that the School was going to have its face lifted. A new colour scheme was chosen and late in August the painters set to work. Ladders and cans of paint cluttered every corner of the building for weeks. School opened and the second coat was still being applied to various portions of the building. At last it was finished. Those of you who have not visited Compton lately have a pleasant surprise in store. K.H.C. stands in a setting of green trees in all the splendour of fresh brown and cream paint.

—o—

Two flower beds have been put in the oval, already tulips are above ground. Perhaps the purpose was to make life more interesting for those who have to 'walk the oval.' In bloom they will add greatly to the appearance of our front drive.

—o—

This year there have been many changes made inside the school as well as out. The old Cooking Lab off the VI B classroom, has been changed into a small but bright classroom for the IV A's. Last year's Sewing Lab has been converted into a very nice music studio, where Miss McCleery gives her lessons, and Miss McCleery's former studio is now a part of the staffroom. This small room may also be used as a reception room when the B.C.S. boys come visiting! (?)

—o—

On February 13th, the long-awaited new stage curtains arrived. These were a present from the Old Girls and have made a tremendous difference to our stage productions. The heavy maroon curtains have added that professional "swish" to our plays and operettas. The first to use the curtains were the Juniors with their operetta "The Frog Prince." We are very grateful to the Old Girl's Association for giving us something which will always add a little to our enjoyment of our various entertainments.

—o—

Last October we were surprised to see men digging a trench along the front of the school—soon shrubs were placed in the trench and the hole filled in. We are all waiting anxiously for the Spring weather to bring out the leaves and show us what has been added.

—o—

The first thing we noticed when we came back in September was the beautiful new floor on the lower corridor. How it shone! When we had walked cautiously down its shining surface to our rooms, however, we discovered another surprise—built-in cupboards. These have been much appreciated by all. I might add that they prove better hiding-places for midnight visitors than the old ones did, because they do not "wobble."

—o—

A new car was delivered to King's Hall in the summer term. It is a beautiful gray-green 1951 Chevrolet Sedan, and Miss Keyzer's pride and joy.

—o—

One day last autumn I noticed an excited crowd gathering in the front hall.

One girl came running up to me and said, "Have you seen him?"

"Seen whom?"

"Caprice!"

What a surprise I received when I discovered that Caprice was a dog. Caprice is not a type commonly seen in North America. To be exact, he is a white French poodle. His back and ears are sheared while his legs and head are practically buried under a soft, fluffy fur.

Caprice has become inseparably attached to his mistress, Mademoiselle Cailteux. Whenever he hears her voice he struts into our French classes and after everyone has patted him lightly on the head he struts out again.

Caprice has adapted himself to the Compton climate and has become another proud member of the King's Hall Menagerie, which now consists of four dogs and two cats.

Form Reports

VI A FORM REPORT

"What's that?" gasps a new girl as the hideous clanging of a bell rings out into the silence of a hitherto quiet night. "Oh, just fire drill," answers her hardened room-mate and they both grab dressing gowns and run out onto the fire-escape. All VI A is gathered there and as Miss Macdonald, our form mistress, calls out their names, I'll try to give you a short description of the members of this happy group.

- "Allan" —our red-headed, light-hearted, quick-minded bell-ringer.
- "Chonchol" —VI A's Britannica in one volume—in Spanish.
- "DeMorest" —our rootin', tootin', shootin' neighbour from the North.
- "Drummond" —this curly-headed bundle of joy was found on our doorstep three years ago.
- "English" —a loyal New Englander with a chahmin' Southern accent.
- "Fitzgerald" —Izzie is a redheaded paragon of virtue.
- "Gemmill" —Lord Loam, an English peer from Winnipeg.
- "Gilbey" —a petite, blonde, horse-addict.
- "Gilmour" —Mary, a little imp with a convincingly quiet exterior.
- "Gilmour" —Nan, sister of the above, and a steadying influence on this foolish form.
- "Harris" —a refugee (or so it seems) from the Ice Capades.
- "Hopper" —a hard-punching, clean-fighting, welterweight champion.
- "Henderson" —whose efficient advertising methods made this mag. possible.
- "Lucas" —a devil, with the most innocently angelic face you've ever seen.
- "Minnes" —"Min" is VI A's rugged, but charming, individualist.
- "Molson" —who spends her day playing basketball and cheering for the Canadiens.
- "Ogilvie" —Our happy-go-lucky (mostly happy) scholar.
- "Perrault" —Our lively Netherwood surprise package.
- "Ramsay" —A wee Scotchman from South Africa.
- "Reid" —Our first Plaster of Paris model.
- "Robinson" —We'll skip over this case lightly—your humble servant, the writer.

- "Rogers" —Sarah Bernhart in disguise.
- "Rutherford" —VI A's all-round athlete who always seems to be the first with a new idea.
- "Scott" —our cooking expert and quick on the trigger with a needle.
- "Shipman" —Shipman! Where is Barbara Shipman?" Alas! Shippy left us at the beginning of this last term because of her back, but by September her face will again brighten our gloomy form-room.
- "Strom" —born and raised on skis and Mount Assiniboine.
- "Thornton" —A bashful blonde with a weakness for hats and giggling.
- "Townsend" —Our third redhead—a ball of fire who's definitely destined to be a debater.

This is the last; all are there who should be, and as we stumble back to bed our ever-patient guardian angel, Miss Macdonald, having done her duty, also walks wearily to her room. We would all like to take this opportunity, sleepy though we are, to thank Miss Macdonald and let her know our gratitude for all she has done for us, and for helping to make VI A such a wonderful year as far as we are concerned.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, VI A

THE H.M.S. VI B, SKIPPER — MISS PARFIT

The crew was shipwrecked in the South Seas. The log book was found floating in a bay. A day's entry is as follows:

"Crew restless and giggly to-day. Classes given in Health and First-Aid as two of the crew, Katy and Peta, are continually attacking each other with Penny as referee. As yet there are no serious casualties. Georgie spent day reading books during classes and once was found mending her black stocking. Food rations are low, but Nancy's oranges keep the crew going. The oranges are distributed by Sheila and Mary-Ann M. under Nancy's watchful eye. To keep the sailors' spirits up pantomines are put on every night before lights out by Al, Linnie, M.F. and Hanson. These will have to be discontinued as members of the crew are suffering from nightmares. Glory and Joanie J. warble songs through the day. It is unbelievable how they keep up with the hit tunes. Their current favourite is "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

Lindy spent her day stretched out on deck getting a beautiful sun-burn. We think she also suffered a severe sun-stroke, for all she does is laugh and giggle at Cammie's four-year old jokes which she tells with great facial expressions. When in a more serious mood Cammie and Heather sit on deck discussing their latest movie star pictures. Dawkie and Leafy want to form a debating society. They argue all day about which country is better to live in, Canada or the U.S.A. Fortunately our skipper is an English Admiral so that if matters become too involved she could prevent another Revolution. Maryan and Pat E. have been nervously pacing the decks all day. We think they used to take long walks every day before they joined the crew and feel cooped up here on board. To-day Joanie S. was appointed chief rat-trainer because of her skill at catching these little animals. Her method is a complete secret but it does have something to do with her moron jokes. Betsy, Gordie and Parsnips wrote letters to-day on stiff pieces of bamboo which we found floating in the water. We are not sure what they do with them but perhaps they communicate with some invisible natives. To-day we threw some of our unnecessary weight over-board, but Susie would not part with her crossword puzzles and trick cards. We wonder what mysterious occupation she is training for. Pat O. learned to talk sea-gull language and sits by the hour at the rail babbling with the gulls. We wonder what urged her to take up this language as she can speak her own very well. Sylvie lost her rubber teeth overboard to-day. She wore them all the time because she was afraid the change in climate would ruin her own pearly white ones. She is broken-hearted. Fifi has amused herself to-day by tossing an orange through a circle of bamboo. She must have been a former basket-ball star. Jany chases the orange for her, probably thinking of her old job as a ball boy. In her spare time Jany writes a fashion column which she reads over the rail to the fishes. Shirley spends much of the day up in the tower supposedly on the look-out for land, but as soon as the officials disappear she produces out of nowhere her treasured book. Val, our chief cook and bottle-washer, has covered the deck with various carvings of the U.S.A. Val proudly admits she came to us from a circus.

Our skipper, Miss Parfit, has made our voyage a happy and enjoyable one. She has straightened out the many knots in our rope and with the help of our three lieutenants, Linnie, Cammie and Pat, has helped to make our trip a smooth one.

D. JOHNSTONE

VA FORM REPORT

"Ding! Ding! Ding!" What a fateful sound! It is the first bell for classes, and the girls of VA seem to have found that they did not learn as much in "Prep" last night as they thought they had. Suddenly the bang of a book's being closed is followed by the voice of our very capable VA form captain, Gill Donald, saying "Come on, kids! We have Miss Hughes first period, and we want to be ready."

More bangs and confusion! Gill rushes down the hall. Olivia Rorke, our magazine representative, patiently waits while her room-mate, Diana Williams, tidies her bed. Ann McNally, Connie Roper, and Judy Taylor, our Junior Soccer Team member, carry away the rugs and comforters upon which they were demonstrating their acrobatic skill, while Heather MacKenzie looks on critically.

Shirley-Anne Downs, our first term form captain, speeds up the hall, out of breath, saying, "Hurry up everyone. Miss Hughes is on her way!"

The reaction to this remark is amazing. Nancy Haywood and her room-mate Helen Leduc walk speedily down the hall, weighted with school books. Judy Ogilvie, Jocelyn Gordon, and Patsy Creery, our more serious-minded classmates, hurry in the direction of the stairs. Barbara Hyman and her room-mate, Meredith Chaplin, studying as they go, walk slowly down the hall. There is a scurrying as the last two members of VA, Anne Shields and Ann Howard, rush down the stairs.

Finally everyone is in the form room. Gill lustily calls out orders, "Stand up and stop talking, please. Miss Hughes is here!"

"Good morning, girls!"

MARY ALSTON, V A



The School Bear

MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

MacDonald, coming first in plus at the end of the Autumn term proved that they were trying to repeat their last year's success. The House basketball and soccer games brought out excellent House spirit. MacDonald came second in the music competition which was held during the Easter term.

We are very proud that the new name for this magazine was contributed by one of our girls. Congratulations Fiona Bogert.

Thank you all very much for your unfailing co-operation and hard work. We are sure that the future prefects through the years will be as proud of you as we have been this year.

Good-bye, and best of luck to you all.

JUDY MORTON

PAMELA STEWART

RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

All power to you on Rideau for your enthusiastic house spirit and keen competitive interest in the Sports Cup and Work Shield throughout the year.

Although Rideau did not come first at either Christmas or Easter, we are both proud of the way you worked for your hard-earned pluses, because we realize that it has not been easy for you.

The Music competition this year was very close; congratulations, Rideau, for coming first.

As Prefects on Rideau we would like to take this opportunity of thanking you for the co-operation you have shown us, and to tell you what a wonderful year it has been for us.

Good-bye, Rideau, and the best of luck to you and to your future Prefects.

DIANE TAYLOR

JEAN CHAPLIN

MONTCALM

Montcalm is a house to which we have been more than proud to belong. She has fought hard in every field, in the music competition, for the Sports Cup, and for the Work Shield. In spite of coming last in pluses and minuses at Christmas we managed to attain first place at Easter. We hope to do the same in June. Every single girl on the House has responded to our "pep talks" with what seemed to us true House spirit. We do hope that the future prefects on Montcalm will find this same spirit always strong and always loyal. Good bye, Montcalm, and all the luck in the world to you and your Prefects of the years to come.

ELIZABETH CREERY

JEAN LINDSEY

THE VI B DEBATING SOCIETY

During the Easter Term VI B decided to form a debating society, but first we had a trial debate on the motion, "Boarding schools give a better education than day schools." As the debate was a success, a committee was then formed with the following officers: President, Dorothy Johnstone; Vice-President, Susanne Chester; Secretary, Georgie Hebden; other members, Katy Molson and Ann Cameron.

A second debate was held soon after the first; the motion was, "City life has more advantages than country life."

Because of the extra class activities, no debates are being held in the June term.

We should like to thank Miss Parfit, who has formed our society and has so kindly given us a great deal of her time.

GEORGIE HEBDEN, Secretary

MUSIC CLUB

To the Matrics and VI A's, Music Club offers a very pleasant relaxation after the day's work on Thursdays. Miss McCleery, one of our music staff, has been kind enough to direct the club, and under her supervision we have had many an enjoyable evening listening to records of good music—an agreeable change from what is usually blaring from the radio.

This year we began with an account of the origin of the orchestra. This was followed by the works of Mozart and Handel, and we then heard "The Pirates of Penzance" by Gilbert and Sullivan, and "The Carnival of the Animals" by Saint-Sans. The last few weeks have been given to "requests," including "Swan Lake" and many others.

On behalf of all who belong to Music Club I should like to thank Miss McCleery for spending so much of her spare time giving us these enjoyable Thursday evenings.

ANNE THORNTON, VI A

CURRENT EVENTS — 1950-1951

The Current Events Club which meets once a week under Miss Morris's direction has been especially interesting this year because of the uncertain state of world affairs.

These meetings kept us up to date on important events, such as the situation in Korea and The United Nations. We want to thank Miss Morris very much for the trouble she has taken to make these gatherings such a success.

RENÉE PERRAULT, VI A



What a heap!



A peaceful Sunday



K.H.C. Rockettes!



Blossom time



The spectators



Who's who?

THE BELA BOSZORMENYI-NAGY CONCERT

One of the most memorable of this year's musical programmes, was the piano recital by Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy, on February the fourth. Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy is a Hungarian pianist who received his musical training in Budapest, and was head of the Franz Liszt academy there. He has toured the principal cities of Europe, the United States, and Canada. He has been widely acclaimed for his artistic ability and brilliant performances.

Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy began his very entertaining program with a Frencobaldi Fantasy and Fugue which was originally written for the organ. He also played a delightful Mozart Sonata, which is supposed to have been composed between tea and supper. His main work was the very impressive and beautiful Beethoven Sonata in C minor, opus one hundred and eleven. Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy played it with such bright tone and brilliancy that everyone sat enthralled until the last note faded away. He also played a series of lighter compositions, one of which was a Debussy study "pour les huit doigts." We were able to follow the concert more intelligently as we were given an explanation about each piece and composer.

This was Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy's first appearance at King's Hall, but we all hope that it will not be his last.

ANNE THORNTON, VI A

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MR. WOODHOUSE'S RECITAL

At the beginning of October Mr. Frederick Woodhouse gave us a very interesting and most amusing song recital. He is one of the founders of the "Intimate Opera Company" of England, which was then touring the Universities and schools of Canada and the United States. Mr. Woodhouse has done much research on undiscovered music, some examples of which he sang at our recital. His programme also contained some traditional English, Scottish, and Irish folk songs. Among these were "Peg O'Ramsay," "Greensleeves," and "The Crocodile." Miss McCleery accompanied Mr. Woodhouse, but at the end of the recital he himself played and sang some Negro Spirituals, with the audience joining in the chorus. He also taught us to sing a very ancient, very funny song called "There was a Lady Loved a Swine." Altogether, we had an unusual and stimulating concert.

MARYEL RAMSAY, VI A

LECTURES

We have been very fortunate this year in having had lectures on a variety of subjects ranging from Red Cross to mountain-climbing. Early in the first term a Red Cross representative told us about the importance of good health and how to keep healthy. She ended by asking us to make clothes and toys for under-privileged children.

In November, Mrs. Carrington spoke to us on the activities of the Girls' Auxiliary Club, and the need for women missionaries in foreign lands.

During the Christmas term, we were lucky enough to have a visit from Mr. Strom. He was a member of the first expedition to reach the top of Mount MacKinley on skis. Mr. Strom had brought coloured slides to show us, but unfortunately the electricity had gone off during a severe storm the previous day.

At the end of the Easter term the Bishop of the Arctic gave a fascinating talk on the Arctic, including a vivid description of the every-day life of the Eskimo, and some of his personal experiences among them. He ended by emphasizing the need for more missionaries, nurses, doctors and teachers. Several weeks later, beautiful coloured slides arrived showing us life on Baffin Island and other parts of the Arctic.

We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to all who took the time and trouble to come and talk to us. Their visits were sincerely appreciated.

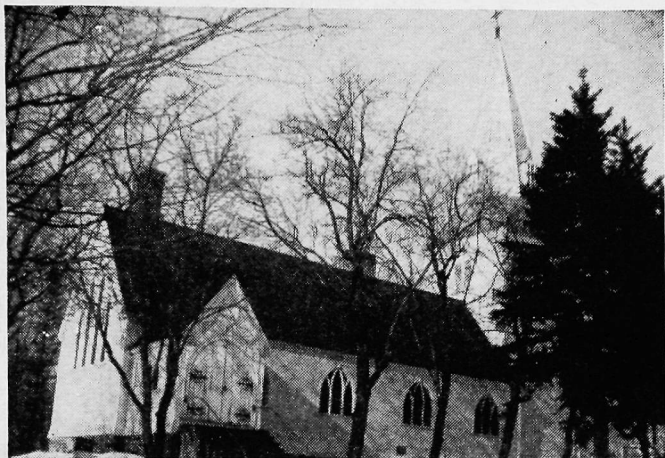
SARAH GRANT, Matric

—o—

THE LIBRARY

Many new members have joined the Library Committee this year and have been very helpful—and patient. The latter characteristic is extremely useful when on Library duty at any time, but most useful at the end-of-term tidying and sorting of books. Judy Morton is the Committee head and has proved herself extremely capable and patient with all of us. The books and shelves have been re-arranged and some of our books have been given to the library in the Junior House. Altogether, this has been a very successful year for the library as a whole, thanks to Judy and the hard-working committee.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, VI A



THE CHOIR

The choir of 1951 has had a most enjoyable and successful year. As soon as we arrived back here in September one of our greatest anxieties was whether or not we should be accepted for the choir, a decision which lay completely in the competent hands of Miss MacDonald. We were not, however, left in doubt for very long, for after three or four dozen of us had endeavoured to sing our sweetest and most melodious best, a choir of twenty-four was chosen from amongst those who had been most successful.

After a few weeks of recuperation, during which our voices tried to recover from their long summer rest, we began immediately to practice our hymns and anthems for the Thanksgiving Service. On this Thanksgiving Sunday our small church of Compton always looks its loveliest, decorated with the many bright fruits of autumn, and I am sure that these beautiful surroundings never fail to inspire us to sing our very best.

Towards the beginning of November we began to sing Christmas carols, which filled us with the sudden realisation that Christmas was not far off. It seemed no time at all before the last Sunday of term had arrived bringing with it the "Candlelight Service." We have this service at the school; the choir takes its place lined along both sides of the glass passage, each girl with her choir gown on, holding a lighted candle, and singing carols as the rest of the school passes through to the lounge. There in the lounge with the Christmas tree and Christmas decorations forming a bright background, the whole school joins together singing the Christmas carols.

Toward the end of the Easter term we were given the exciting information that our choir was to take part in a music festival being held in the Trinity

Memorial Church in Montreal on May the fifth, and in another one in Sherbrooke on May the twenty fourth. On May the fourth Miss Gillard very kindly allowed us to go into Montreal for the weekend, an excursion greatly enjoyed by all. We found that there is something very wonderful about singing with some three hundred and fifty other choristers and we all feel that both these experiences have been well worth their while and very beneficial to us.

With all the singing we have done this last year we have realised that the choir means not only a great deal of fun, but also some hard work on the part of its members. The person, however, who has worked the hardest and given up a great deal of her spare time for our practices is Miss MacDonald, and I know that each member of the choir joins with me in thanking Miss MacDonald for her great help and patience and for all she has taught us about singing and music during 1951.

ROBIN BOCOCK, Matric

THE CAROL SERVICE

The Christmas Spirit was floating through the air as we assembled in the Prep Hall for our annual Carol Service of 1950. Some Christmas Sprites—in the form of VI A's—had gaily decorated the Prep Hall; the bright reds and greens mingling with the evergreens made us feel very Christmasy.

The first event on the programme was a play of the "Nativity" cleverly acted by the Juniors. They later returned from their various roles of wisemen and shepherds to start the carol singing. The other forms followed from youngest to oldest, each singing two carols, one in French and one in English. The Matrics ended the Form carols by singing the well-known school favourite, "Petit Noel." The choir then sang the lilting "Carol of the Bells" and the anthem "Glory to God." They were followed by the staff who introduced a carol which was new to most of us, "See Amid the Winter's Snow," but which has taken its place among our favourites.

Later we gathered in the lounge to sing carols and wait for Santa Claus who arrived accompanied by his merry wife, Mrs. Santa Claus. After Santa had emptied his bag of gifts we tumbled into our beds, overflowing with that Christmas feeling.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss A. Macdonald, Miss McCleery, Mademoiselle Cailteux, and Mademoiselle Collins for all the time and effort they took to make the Carol Service a success.

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, VI

SPECIAL ART

This year, Special Art has been under the direction of Miss Brand, our new art teacher. We have all enjoyed her classes, in which she has spared no effort to prepare us for our McGill examinations in June.

The first term was spent on Still Life in water colour and charcoal. As Hallowe'en and the school dance came in this term, the Special Art class helped to make many of the decorations for these two events.

At the beginning of the Easter term the eight VI A's who are taking their matriculation in art did water-colour charts, which are a great help when choosing and blending colours for a painting. When the charts were completed each girl did a monotone still life in water colours and also a still life using only the three primary colours. Meanwhile the Matrics in the class were doing work in oils and water colours.

The summer term was devoted entirely to preparing for the McGill examination. Strict attention was paid to colour, composition, and the arrangement of articles in a picture.

On behalf of the Special Art class, I should like to thank Miss Brand for all the extra time she has given us. We have all thoroughly enjoyed the year's work in art.

JENEPHER GEMMILL, VI A

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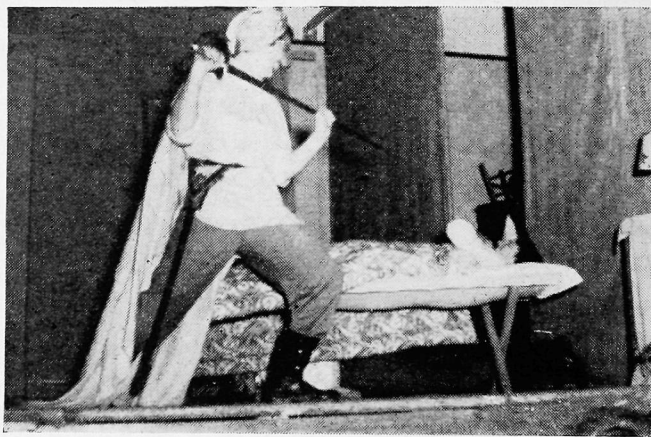
DRAMA

This year King's Hall is entering two plays in the newly-organized Youth Drama Festival to take place in Sherbrooke on May 18. VI A is to put on Act II of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," the play they were preparing to produce at school. The school production has been cancelled to give more time for the Festival entry.

VI B is offering a one-act play, "In the Merry Month of May," which includes some songs and a delightful dance around the Maypole on the Green of an English village.

Although nearly every member of both forms is assisting the productions in one capacity or other, the leading characters are as follows: VI A—Cynthia Molson, Siri Strom, Jenepher Gemmill, Heather Allan and Heather Rogers, supported by Margaret Ogilvie, Anne Thornton, and Jane Townsend; VI B—Susanne Chester, Mary Frances Matth-

ewman, Sylvie Bieler, Heather Anderson, Joan Jellett, supported by Pat Ovans, Penny Pasmore, Ann Cameron, Peta Hunt and others.



THE MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

The night was here at last. For weeks we had listened to the muffled sounds of practising, and now we were here—waiting in hushed expectancy for something to happen. It did! as we leaned eagerly forward and we saw the curtains open.

It seemed that Mr. V. Fitz Vigel (Sue Wigle) wanted the wealthy Mr. Cornelius (Mary Fellows) to finance his magazine, *The Entertainer*. Of course Mr. Cornelius (M.F.) wanted to see to what use his money was to be put, and we all watched as Mr. V. Fitz Vigle (Sue) showed him the merits of *The Entertainer*.

There was the Travelogue—gay Scottish Dances, interpreted by genuine Scotch Lassies; a Chinese song; and even an African War Dance! We watched college girls as they demonstrated "college rhythm," and we heard the praises of "The Girl Friend" sung. There was a murder thriller in the story department. We even saw a scene in a ladies' rest home. Songs and dances and skits kept our rapt attention from beginning to end. At the end we watched Mr. Cornelius (M.F.) being introduced to the staff of *The Entertainer*. By this time he was most excited, and needless to say he financed the magazine.

It was a wonderful evening—and we all clapped and encored the Matrics till our hands were red and our throats sore. We had only one regret, and that was that the long-awaited Matric Entertainment was over.

HEATHER ALLAN, VI A

MISS GILLARD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

This year, for the first time, the staff as well as the girls gave Miss Gillard a birthday party, which we managed, though not without taking infinite precautions, to keep a surprise until the last moment. The Matrics, under Mrs. Aitken's careful supervision, decorated the lounge and arranged the tables, while Mr. Burt, with his usual care and kindness, prepared a delicious meal for us all, which included, of course, a huge birthday cake.

As Miss Gillard had been trying for years without much success to get the girls to make things for the Red Cross, Mrs. Aitken thought it would be a good idea if each girl made some small garment for the Red Cross box, and gave it to Miss Gillard on her birthday. The result was amazing, as was the variety. Not only everyone of the girls, but also all of the staff made something, much to our amazement and Miss Gillard's delight.

We would all like to thank Mrs. Aitken for finding this way for us to please Miss Gillard, for her patience in helping us decorate, for her ingenuity in keeping Miss Gillard out of the way while we decorated, and for all the time she spent in planning the party and in making it a success.

MARGOT BEAUBIEN, Matric

ART

The Art Room is usually full of activity; the walls, which are covered with water colour drawings, oil paintings, pastel, charcoal and pencil sketches, show some of the results of the activity. Pieces of hand-blocked material hang here and there adding colour to the room, which has a character all its own. Miss Brand reigns supreme in this corner of the school, guiding the girls in their varied work.

In their art classes this year the Juniors have been occupied in making scenery for their plays; most of this scenery has been produced with poster paint on large strips of brown paper. Before Christmas, particularly, many of the Juniors made lino-cuts which they used for Christmas cards. Amusing papier-mâché masks have also kept them busy. The VB's have done picturesque murals on Europe as well as scenery for their Operetta and some hand printing on material.

The bulk of the hand-printed material, however, has been done by the VA's; some girls have made skirts from their material. They have also done quite a bit of life drawing using each other as models.

The VIB's have worked with clay and plaster of paris. The plaster of paris is something new this year. The girls have made figures and tiles from

it; some of them have painted these, while others have left them white. Oil paintings and scenery as well as commercial art in the form of fashion-drawings and travelogues have made up a full year's work.

The VIA's who plan to take their Matric in Art this June have done pencil and charcoal drawings, and water colours of still life subjects. In addition, they have made colour charts to help them with their work. These girls, as well as a group of Matrics, have a weekly class on Wednesday afternoon.

The year has been a successful and enjoyable one in the Art Room. We owe much of its success to our teacher, Miss Brand.

PAMELA STEWART, Matric

THE SCHOOL DANCES

This year we attended two dances, both of which took place during the first school term.

On Thanksgiving Day we were invited to the Tea Dance at Bishop's College School. It was, as always, a great success. They had a new orchestra, Les Brown's, which was very good, and we all enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

We held our annual formal dance on November 17th. The VI A's, with the kind assistance of Miss Brand, decorated the gym as a circus. Supper was served in the dining-room, which was also decorated. The dance ended at 12.15. We hope the guests enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

MARGARET OGILVIE, VI A

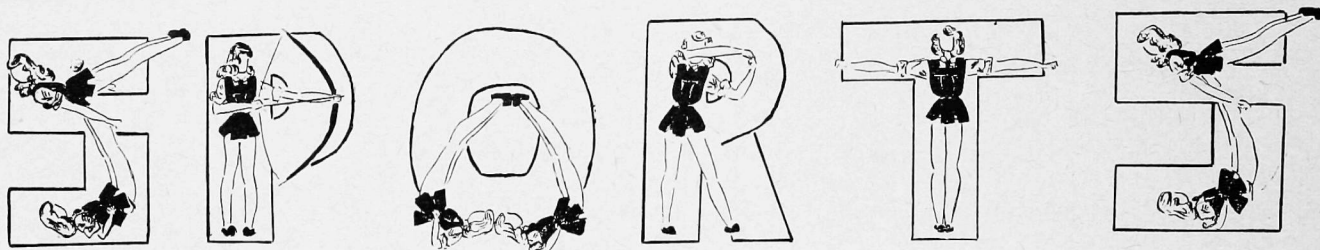
HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

To our great surprise and pleasure a new Household Science Laboratory was ready for us when we returned last September. It is a combined cooking and sewing lab. Half the room is equipped with all the conveniences of a modern kitchen; it has both a gas and an electric stove. The other half of the room contains all the sewing and weaving equipment. It is a joy to work in a lab so spacious, bright, and well planned.

The success of our course is due to Miss Rochon. This is Miss Rochon's first year at King's Hall. She has given us a most interesting and varied type of syllabus, from which we have gained much. She has been more than patient with us all, taking an unbelievable interest in the progress of each individual.

We in the Special Household Science Course extend our deepest thanks to you, Miss Rochon, from whom we have learned so much.

PAMELA PASMORE, Matric



SOCCER

A great deal of soccer was played this year. Many new girls proved to be successful soccer players, appearing on form, house, and school teams.

The senior and junior school teams played two games with Stanstead College. The juniors also played against the B.C.S. Prep School. The senior team was sorry not to have been able to play with the B.C.S. football team, but on account of bad weather, the game was cancelled. Stanstead was defeated twice by the King's Hall seniors and twice by the juniors. Our junior team was defeated by the B.C.S. Prep School. On behalf of everyone at King's Hall, thank you, Stanstead and B.C.S. for the soccer games.

In the inter-house games, Rideau gained the most points although Montcalm was a very close second. Macdonald held third position. During these games, everyone, both players and spectators, showed great enthusiasm.

The form games proved that the Matrics had the strongest team. Second place was held by VI A. Usually each form played soccer two afternoons a week. Thanks go to both Miss Keyzer and Miss Hammer for the supervision of these games. The training and coaching of the school teams was done by Miss Keyzer. This is a job that requires very great patience. Thank you for your invaluable help and advice, Miss Keyzer.

ANN HENDERSON, VI A

TENNIS

Although the weather was unfavourable, we all managed to play a great deal of tennis this autumn. Mrs. Dewhurst and Mrs. Swanick from England stayed at the school for a week to give us special lessons, while Miss Marydel Robertson of Montreal paid us two visits. She, with Miss Diana Davis of Montreal, is giving us lessons again this spring. Under the clever instruction of these specialists a large number of girls improved noticeably.

We are all looking forward to the construction of the two new courts which we hope to get shortly. When they are completed we shall be able to play twice as much tennis as we do now. The present courts are always crowded, nearly two-thirds of the

school being enthusiastic over tennis. We hope that the weather will be favourable this spring for our most popular game.

CYNTHIA MOLSON, VI A

THE STANSTEAD GAMES

This year as usual we played two soccer matches with Stanstead. The first match on October 28th, was played at King's Hall. The day was fine but the drawback was that the field was very slippery. We had to spread around cinders before we could play. Both games were fairly even. The scores were as follows: Junior 6-2; Senior 4-2, both in favour of King's Hall.

The following week we were invited to Stanstead for the return match. It was so cold that everyone had to play twice as hard as usual to keep warm. The score for the Junior match was 9-0 in our favour. Ann Henderson set the standard by getting four goals. The senior teams tied 4-all, in a fierce struggle kept up to the end of the game.

After a delightful tea we said "good-bye" to our hostesses, and with aching bones crawled into the buses and headed back to school.

ANNE LUCAS, VI A

BETWEEN DOUBLE FIRE

A few years ago Miss Hammer came over from Denmark bringing with her the very strenuous game called "Between Double Fire." On days when it was too rainy or too cold to go out we would go up to the gym, and battle back and forth under Miss Hammer's watchful coaching. This year each form picked a team, and we had four games. It certainly added to the excitement of playing to have the rest of the school hanging over the balcony railing cheering—each girl for her own form. Perhaps the most interesting games were those between VB and the older forms. The chief complaint of the older forms was, "But they are so quick." As a result of their speed, VB tied with VIA for first place.

We should all like to thank Miss Hammer very much for teaching us "Between Double Fire." It has given us a great deal of fun already, and we hope it will give us even more next year.

MYRNE HARRIS, VI A



JUNIOR SOCCER

Back Row: V. Gill, J. Honson, A. Lucas, C. Molson, M. McNab, M. Beaubien.
 Middle Row: B. Lentz, A. Henderson, J. Taylor, S. Minnes, R. Perrault.
 Front Row: A. Gordon, A. Rutherford (Captain), P. Hunt.



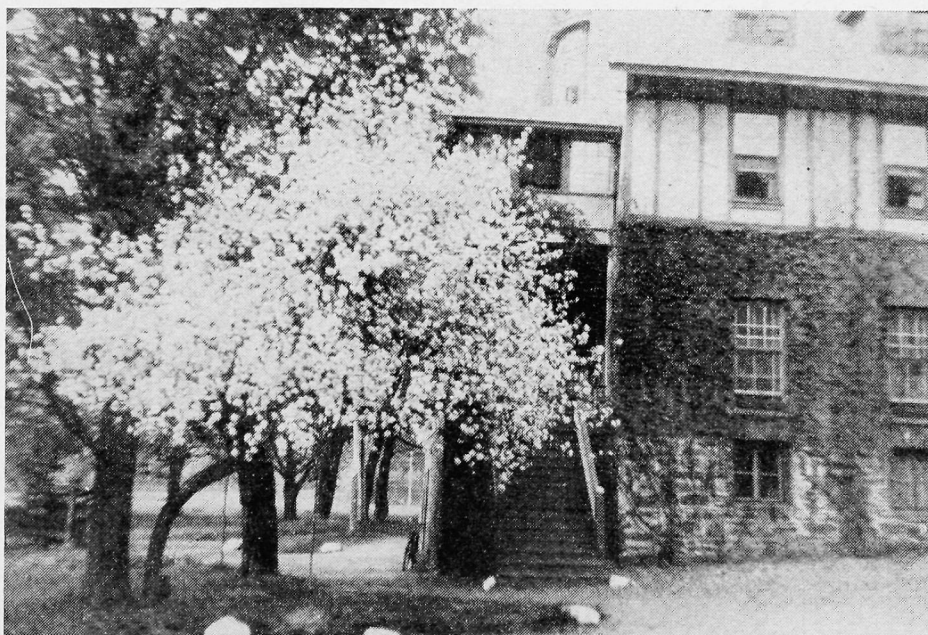
Back Row: S. Wigle, C. Faulkner, S. Sharwood, K. Molson, N. Hopper.
 Middle Row: W. Price, D. Taylor, A. Thornton, J. Townsend.
 Front Row: J. Morton, L. Mayburry, J. Fry (Captain), M. Gilmour, J. Lindsey.



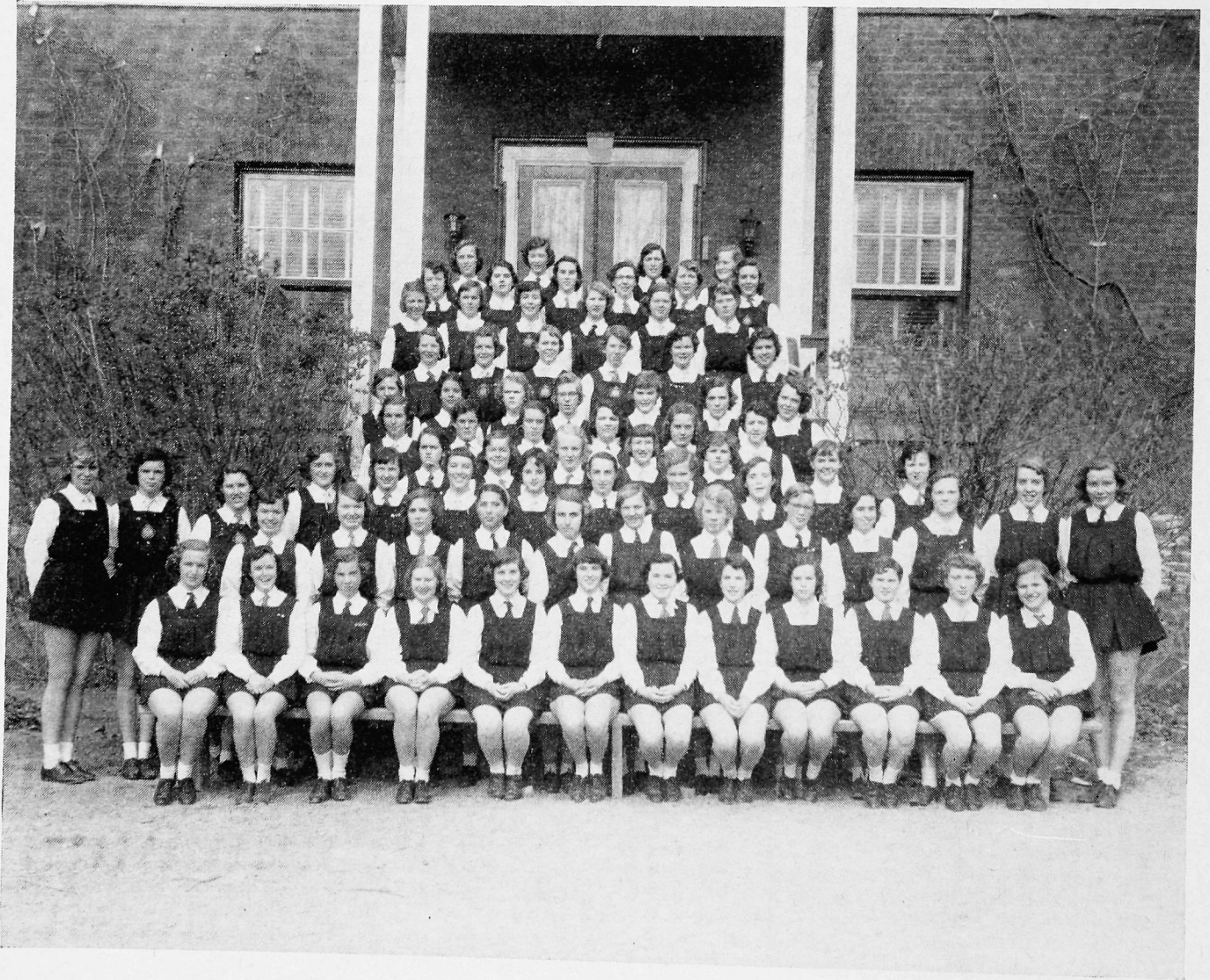
SPRING IS IN THE AIR!



THE JUNIOR COTTAGE.



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING . . . TRA-LA!





All the World's a Stage.

"CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK"

There is no doubt in my mind that the days of the week have definite characteristics. This fact applies especially when I am at school, as each day leads me part of the way towards a goal which may be a dance, a holiday, or, best of all, a vacation. Of course if you do not see Monday as anything but Monday, read no further. However, if Monday has its own personality, as it has to me, come with me through the week, and let us examine the characteristics of the days.

First of all, come Monday and Tuesday. Monday—oh, day of torture! Monday is an adversary, something that wants to depress me as quickly and easily as possible. The rising bell rings, and Monday's cold fingers pull me out of bed. I yawn, and drowsily push through the gray-blue folds of Monday's cloak. Dully and uninterestedly, at the end of the day, Monday with a cold, blue hand, pulls up my covers, and slinks sleepily away. During the night, Tuesday is born. Tuesday is more vivacious than Monday, and, with an energetic shout, it rouses me and chases me down the corridor to wash. On through Tuesday I go—gym-class, singing-class—what pleasures! I rejoice that dreadful Monday is dead, and happily romp through the day with sprightly Tuesday.

Next come Wednesday and Thursday. Wednesday is a contented day—fat, kind, and lazy. It sits comfortably in the middle of the week and watches life walk by its restful throne. Today we have a free hour before supper! A free afternoon! Wednesday, dressed in pink, washes my hair, and sends me clothes freshly laundered and smelling delightfully of starch and a warm iron. Wednesday tucks me into bed to fall contentedly asleep. Thursday, to me, is rather insignificant. It is a little thin man with glasses, who keeps pushing me on and on through the day, saying—"Tomorrow is Friday, tomorrow is Friday—"

And now comes Friday. Friday presents very definite characteristics. He is a boy with golden hair, a tantalizing boy who purposely lags in order to annoy me; Friday is a tease. He tells me slyly that my past week's work has not been up to par, and he nags at me continually not to give up yet, not to slack, not to stop yet. He pushes me up the Prep Hall stairs and seats me at my desk, and teas-

ingly says, "Why not write a letter? It won't matter, tomorrow is Saturday—" I reach for paper and pen to do so, and mischievous Friday slaps my hand and reproachfully cries, "Sneak! slacker! get to work! so you can't go through with it!" I guiltily go back to history notes. However, no matter how hard Friday tries to hold back the hands of the clock, time *does* pass. Soon I am joyfully on my way upstairs leaving Friday behind me, and looking ahead to two days of joy, freedom and wonderful, wonderful rest.

Now comes the weekend—the long awaited, joyous weekend! Saturday, clothed in all colours, peeks in my window, and noticing that the time is ten to eight, raps me disapprovingly on the shoulder. Saturday is a happy day, however, and his disapproval at my late hour is soon over. I rise and dress with a feeling of happy expectancy in my stomach. Saturday leads me gaily to prayers—and for a brief moment of agony I sit as the past week's crimes are being read out. "Not guilty," whispers Saturday in my relieved ear, and the day once again is perfect. Saturday skips happily along, leading me by the hand to the village, to happy, talkative visiting-hour, dressing-gown supper, the movie, and finally, cocoa and sandwiches in a semi-lighted dining room. He then tucks me into bed and reluctantly lets Sunday take over. Sunday is calm and unhurried. It is dressed in navy blue. Quietly it leads me to church, and together we forget the trials of the past week in this quiet and peaceful sanctuary. Then Sunday produces for me a lunch of chicken and ice-cream. It leads me through the beautiful country-side in the afternoon and spreads its restful atmosphere over all around. It lets me rest, it lets me sing, and it cannot help making me happy. These are the days of the week. Every week they are the same, and like old friends they sometimes give me unexpected gifts of happiness, or less pleasant ones of sorrow and heartbreak. But always there is the next day and the next, to heal hurts, and to wiser me. The days do have special characteristics. This fact pleases me, and I can always rely on days of the week to be healing as well as pleasure giving steps on the path of life.

HEATHER ALLAN, VI A

THE SNAKE

"Yours is a strange fortune, my dear," puzzled the gnarled gypsy woman, gazing with concern at the strange lines imprinted on Beth's hand. "Why this might easily be a snake," she mused, tracing one curious design there.

She looked up hastily on hearing a horrified gasp and feeling the thin hand within her own become tense and cold. The girl had turned white while her eyes held a glazed, terrified look. Sitting on the chair still weak from fright, Beth told her curious story to the old woman—a story she had kept secret for years.

"It all happened a week or so before I was to be born," she related. "My brother, a lovable, chubby little boy with large blue eyes, round rosy cheeks and a head full of golden curls, was only two years old and my parents' pride and joy. One day my mother, hearing his gleeful chuckles, ventured to peek through the lattice work and watch him, unobserved, at play with his Indian nurse out in the warm tropical sun. Quietly she drew aside the purple bouganvillia flowers and looked through. Suddenly her whole body became petrified. She clutched her throat with one trembling hand as if endeavouring to prevent a scream from escaping, and remained there paralyzed, not uttering a sound, a single audience watching the fearful scene being acted before her. On the lawn alone sat my brother, watching with speechless fascination the journey of a large multi-coloured coral snake slithering across the grass a few inches from his small pink toes. He remained so motionless with admiration of this beautiful new play-thing that the snake hardly seemed to notice him and lazily glided on its way. How beautiful it was, but how wicked and sinister! With its ebony-black eyes gleaming, its many bright colours reflecting the sun from their covering of shimmering sheen, its small forked tongue mechanically darting from side to side as its coils glided gracefully forward, it made one remember that the serpent personified the devil in the biblical garden of Eden."

The girl seemed hypnotised by the description of the reptile which she had never seen, so that it was a few minutes before she recovered sufficiently to go on.

"Oh, how fervently my mother must have prayed for my brother not to move or make a sound until the danger had gone, and the few minutes of suspense as she stood there must have seemed like eternity," she brokenly whispered.

"The little boy, however, seeing this wonderful

new attraction slowly escaping him, made up his mind not to let it go, and on determined hands and knees propelled himself forward, gurgling and laughing in his anticipation. The snake enjoying the hot Indian sun on its cold, elongated body, slackened its pace allowing its pursuer to catch up with it. Hearing this sound of sudden danger it swung its sharp, alert head around, its fangs bared ready for attack. It struck. My brother was not its victim however, for my mother, having thrown herself between her small son and the attacker, had saved his young life with her own.

"An hour later I was born," murmured the girl. "The next day my mother died from the fatal poisoning and shock she had received. The imprint of this tragedy will remain with me for ever on my right hand in the form of a curious snake, and also on my mind in the form of evil, snake-like visions and fantasies. I have given up trying to escape from them, for it is no use, and one day they will overwhelm me."

A year or so later the gypsy noticed in the daily newspaper a picture of a young girl who looked vaguely familiar. She read the following inscription under it. "Miss Beth——— died today in the hospital from a fatal snake bite on her right hand."

The woman remembered then the strange incident, and the even stranger story, but this news neither surprised nor dismayed her, for the untold prophecy on the girl's hand had been fulfilled at last.

ROBIN BOCOCK, Matric

THE FIREFLY

Through the wood, in dead of night,
Flits this tiny sparkling light;
Darting in amongst the trees—
What a careless life of ease!

Now ahead and now behind,
By no rule or law confined,
Flickers on this joyful sprite,
Flashing past in aimless flight.

Unafraid, this glimm'ring mite
Flutters, on its pathway bright;
Wand'ring ever where it please,
Borne on summer's gentle breeze.

Fairy-like it dances by
Neath the cool, unclouded sky.
Lovely nymph, oh, ne'er alight;
Fly on and on in thy delight!

CYNTHIA MOLSON, VI A

NIGHT SOUNDS IN THE WOODS

Sometimes on a summer's night I stay awake listening to the many strange sounds in the woods. The first one I usually notice is that of the crickets calling their children to bed. Their call is a continuous one, like the ticking of a clock. Mingled with this noise is the frog's croak, an extremely peculiar sound in which three or four beats are followed by a silence, and then repeated. Through the darkness another attraction reaches my ears—a gushing, rushing sound; of course it is the waterfall tumbling over its rocky bed.

I sometimes imagine that the fairy-folk are playing hide-and-go-seek and climbing the young elms. Occasionally I hear a faint rustle of leaves as the wind dances through the trees. The "good-night" call of the robins and sparrows is always in the air; also the groans and grunts of the tired old oaks as the wind pleads with them for another waltz. Now and then the echo of a squirrel or chipmunk comes to me out of the night air and is lost with the other voices of the dark.

As I lie there in the evening when the sun has sunk beneath the horizon leaving the world in dark peace, many peculiar yet beautiful sounds reach me which I should never notice during the busy day.

JOCelyn GORDON, V A

"GOOD-BYES"

"Hurry, hurry!" the honking horns shouted.

"Swish," answered the slush—slipping, sliding, slithering beneath the taxi's wheels.

"Can't you drive any faster?" pleaded Mrs. Schuyler. "We have to catch that train."

"Listen, lady," groaned the driver; "I'm taking the shortest way I know. We'll get there. Relax."

Carol's heart sank at his words; for deep inside, though she did not voice her feelings, she hoped that she and her mother would arrive at the station too late for her to take the train back to Troy. Every minute of the week-end had whizzed by, and now, as they sped along the dingy streets of downtown Albany, Carol dreaded returning to school. The great banks of smoky snow piled high on either side of the street harmonized perfectly with her sombre thoughts. It was just that life seemed to be one continuous ordeal of "good-byes."

"Click-clack, tick-tock," droned the metre. Carol glanced at the clock—eight minutes past nine. How the seconds dragged! Now there were only two minutes left for her to spend with her mother. Per-

haps they would not catch the train—perhaps! Carol's heart leaped at the thought, for the next train did not leave until that evening.

As the taxi swerved around the corner, the station loomed into view. Had the train left? The car screeched to a stop before the station. Carol and her mother leaped from the taxi and catapulted into the waiting-room.

"Have we time to buy a ticket for the nine-ten train?" Mrs. Schuyler shot at the nearest porter as they scurried through the station.

"No," he answered shortly. "Hurry!"

There was that word again. How Carol despised it—"hurry!" Through the revolving gate they reeled, down the short flight of steps to the monstrous, black iron giant that sat impatiently smoking. Suddenly all Carol's sorrow welled up in her throat in a great rock-like lump, so that she was forced to breathe in short gasps.

"Is there enough time for me to get on the train to say 'good-bye'?" inquired Mrs. Schuyler.

"No; sorry. Train's pulling out," replied the conductor heartlessly.

Quickly Carol leaped onto the train, and wheeled about just in time to receive her mother's farewell kiss. Blindly Carol stumbled to her seat swallowing hard to combat the tears which she feared would ooze from her eyes at any moment.

"Good-bye," she mouthed soundlessly. There at the window appeared her mother's smiling face, urging Carol to have courage.

"O God," she prayed, "please don't let me cry now; please."

One lone tear spilled from Carol's eye and trickled slowly down her cheek. That was all. Slowly, with great effort she forced a smile to spread over her face in answer to her mother's hand raised in solemn salute.

BETSY LENTZ, VI B

THE FASCINATION OF LETTERS

Letters are fascinating. They always seem to carry with them an intangible aura of expectation and surprise, like a beautiful view hidden for the moment by mist. A letter may bring tragedy without losing its first charm for the person who reads it, just as a person who is waiting for something is fascinating, no matter what he is waiting for. To me a letter—any letter—is pleading to be opened and read.

Old letters found in the attic trunk, with faintly yellowed, delicate pages on which black writing

stands out vividly have only intensified their fascination with age. As you lift them from their place a little cloud of dust rises and fills the room, like old memories taking shape and returning to haunt the reader. You begin to read, and slowly you are shown the character, personality, thoughts and fears of someone you have never known. Old letters can never be dull, for by reading them you are given a feeling of forbidden freedom—of cheating death and time and looking backwards over past generations to learn more than you would ever find in the history books. You read of forgotten disappointments, all the more sad because they are forgotten; of happiness and pain, gaiety and tragedy, each incident wrapped in the nostalgia which constitutes the fascination of letters written long ago.

The charm of letters written in our own time is that one never knows what they will bring. They have an air of excitement and guess-work about them. Once opened, they lighten loneliness or foretell disaster, rouse hope or complete disillusionment. When you read them you hear the voice of the writer whether you know him or not. A letter from someone you do not know stirs your imagination—you wonder what the writer is like, and try to get an idea of his character from his letter. A letter from someone you know and love brings that person closer to you, and while you read, you do not mind being away so much. If you are unhappy a letter from someone who has remembered and feels sorry for you can lessen your sorrow more than your friend suspects. Even though a letter has so much power to heal, it can, however, hurt also. Where is the joy in a rejection slip for a story submitted or a job applied for? And nothing but annoyance results from a commanding or rude letter. Those, however, are not the majority of letters you will get, and they can only be thought of as adding variety.

Thus letters, old and new, have a great fascination for me—the kind of fascination I shall never outgrow. If I have my way, I shall still be reading letters on my deathbed.

NEVILLE ROBINSON, VI A

THE BONNET

The old trunk lay in a shroud of mystery. What lay beneath its rusty lid I could not remember. What delightful or sad memories I was about to uncover as I turned the key, remained a surprise. There lay in the trunk many rainbow-coloured dresses, each with its own tale to tell—but the thing

which brought memories crowding back to me was a bonnet. It was a spring bonnet with flowers around the brim, and long blue satin ribbons which tied at the chin. The flowers and ribbons had a melancholy and nostalgic air about them. The story connected with this bonnet was as clearly stamped upon my memory as though it had happened but a few days ago.

The bonnet had belonged to a great-aunt of mine, with whom I had spent many holidays in an old rambling house on a hill outside a little village. She was a very strange lady, but then all elderly relatives seem rather eccentric to a boy of eight. She ran her house on a schedule. It seemed that nothing would change her way of life. The strangest thing of all was that each day on the dot of four she got into her shiny black carriage drawn by her shiny black horse, while I sat beside her looking about as shiny and stiff and uncomfortable as her carriage. Once in the village we would stop at the Post Office, and she would talk to the same gentleman each day; of course I was always sent to the Pharmacist on the corner for lemonade. Any questions I might ask about this rendezvous were answered by a strange, rather wistful smile and a shake of her head.

My aunt had three bonnets which she wore in turn for these daily outings. But one day, when I heard those rustling skirts that she always wore come swishing down the stairs, her head was crowned with a new spring bonnet. It was more lovely than I imagined a lady's bonnet could be. This day she tied the bow at my neck a little tighter, and ran a comb through my shock of red hair (which did no good, because my hair persisted in playing tag with the freckles on my nose). The day was beautiful, making the flowers on the bonnet seem ever more lovely as if they sensed the promise of spring in the air. When we reached the village I went directly for my drink. As I returned to the carriage the bright sun had hidden behind threatening grey clouds, while a strange, cold, mysterious wind whistled through the trees. I found my aunt, her face grey like ashes, her eyes which had been sparkling blue earlier, were now also dull grey, as if the candle which had made them so bright had been blown out. On her lap lay crumpled the front page of the evening newspaper. The headlines read, "Locomotive wreck. No survivors." She never wore that bonnet again. She never went to the village at four again. The only person she had lived for had been killed.

HEATHER ROGERS, VI A

LOFTY PEAKS AND HIGH IDEALS

I looked out of my cabin window. The mountain, the "Matterhorn of Canada" stood shrouded in moonlight, its lonely pyramid-shaped peak silhouetted in the cold black night.

"Tomorrow we climb," I thought. "Oh God, please let us reach the top!"

The icy north wind blowing from the mountain top carried its heartless message. "Yes, my dear, you are going to need God's help."

I crawled humbly back into bed and burrowed under the friendly blankets, my only protection against the relentless night.

The day showed signs of dawning bright and clear. I dressed quickly, and clumped around the cabin in my hob-nail boots searching for my nylon parka and the climbing axe I was to use. I glanced at the handle and laughed ruefully. In it had been carved "May 17, 1932"—the day Father had reached the top of McKinley nineteen years before. Today was the day we had dreamed of, the day we would climb Assiniboine together, he for the last time perhaps, and I for the first. If only the last two hundred feet were not sheer ice. We had no way of knowing until we were up there.

I strode over to the main cabin, lost in my own apprehensive, questioning thoughts. Father was stuffing our lunches, extra sweaters, and rope into a ruck-sack.

"Hurry up and eat! We must be out of here by five o'clock if we don't want to spend the night on the mountain."

The mountain—I looked at Father and we both looked at—the mountain. The rising sun shone rose on the snow-covered cliffs. Now it was beckoning to us.

"Father—"

"Yes, Siri, I know."

The words remained unspoken but we both knew that if we did not succeed we would try again—and again, till some day together we would be the conquerors.

For two hours we climbed quickly, steadily, through the "C," "Hesse's Hollow," "The Key-hole," and along the cliffs until finally we clamboured up through the chimney. By eight o'clock we were on the glacier, an immense field of snow three hundred feet thick. A few crevasses opened their wide gaping mouths to make a meal of us. No snow hid them from sight. When we came to one we walked along its rim until we reached a narrow place of about six feet, then we took a running jump. It is amazing how well the human being can jump when it is absolutely necessary.

At one point I became almost paralyzed with fear. Father was in front of me, tied to the other end of the rope. I was watching his feet plodding on four yards ahead of me when suddenly the feet were no longer there. From instinct I dug my heels into the snow, and with an action much like chopping wood, drove my ice-axe into the snow. Then I threw myself down and gripped the ice axe for my dear Father's life. Nothing happened. No jerk on the rope. I glanced cautiously around. Father's face appeared above a mound of snow with a very "ha, ha, that was a good joke" look on it. I failed to see the humour and plainly said so. It was quite simple. We had come to the edge of the glacier, which at that point dropped twelve feet to a ledge below. Father had hopped down to the ledge and then, chuckling, had climbed back over the edge.

We saw smoke curling comfortably from the main cabin. A chinese breakfast gong pierced the stillness from two thousand feet below. Strange, you never realize how very still it is until you hear a noise. It was the last we heard other than our own voices until we were off the mountain. Below us an eagle sailed 'round and 'round in large lazy circles in search of an unsuspecting gopher.

We toiled upward, ever upward. The sun rose higher and higher in our world of white ice and blue heaven. Father smiled down at me as he tugged at the rope and hoisted me up onto the narrow ledge on which he was sitting. I grinned back knowing that everything would be all right. Last night in the darkness the mountain had seemed sinister, but now the majestic peak was our friend, patiently watching our efforts as we climbed.

We had chosen a good day. The last two-hundred feet were free from the snow that had kept them unclimable for the last six years. Two hundred feet, one hundred feet—fifty feet! We could see the top glistening above us. Twenty more steps—only ten more steps! I looked silently around, feeling as though I were standing on sacred ground and had no right to be there. We had won, won, WON! Looking west we saw the mighty Selkirk Range, one hundred miles away. Through the binoculars we saw horses, tiny dots grazing on the lakeshore five thousand feet below. I felt like the victor in the battle of time, immensity and space. Yet at the same time I realized how immaterial we human beings are. I glanced at Father, groping for words to express my feelings, but he only sighed and I knew that he agreed.

SIRI STROM, VI A

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE

It was an unwritten law for old Jacob Crocque to take a walk every night at eleven o'clock down to Marley's Cigar Store, to buy a couple of cigars—maybe even three if his pocket allowed—and then come home to a welcoming bed. He had performed this peculiar rite for almost seventy years now, and he would by all means perform it for another seventy years if the good Lord was willing.

"Upon me soul, Matty," he would confide to his devoted housekeeper, "If I ever missed me nightly walk and smoke, I would never fergive meself!"

And so, at eleven o'clock on the cold brisk night of January fourth, Matty bundled her charge into his enormous, bulky raccoon coat and shoved him out the front door with these threatening words, "Mind yeself, now, Crocque! If I ketch ye spendin' all o' them coins on them smelly cigars, ye'll not git yer nice 'ot broth when ye get back, I tell ye!"

The door slammed menacingly, and old Jacob Crocque chuckled softly to himself as he stepped onto the rudely-paved street of Mossington. Jacob loved Mossington more than anything else in the world. "Gramps," the villagers called him; they adored him. Ah, yes, it was good to be alive!

A light snow had started to fall and his cane made a continuous "clat-clat, clat-clat" as he plodded along. Above him an old-fashioned street lamp caught a few drifting snow-flakes in its yellowish, mellow glow, giving them the appearance of glittering chips of diamonds, all cluttering about the battered light. On either side quaint, ancient houses huddled together in small, confident groups, shielding happy, tearful, old and young families from the mysteries of the dark night. Once Jacob nearly tripped over a stray roller-skate left on the sidewalk by some careless lad. He gingerly picked it up with the end of his walking cane and carefully placed it beside its mate on the steps.

"Jest to save some poor youngster from a good lickin'," he told himself.

The main street of Mossington was almost deserted to-night, Jacob noticed. Occasionally he passed a tired worker returning home to his wife and family, or the odd young couple off to have a gay time at the theatre.

Suddenly he saw that familiar red and green sign ahead of him, "Marley's Cigar Store." Gleefully he jingled the few coins in his clumsy mit; this was what he had been looking forward to all day! Just as he was about to step into the "castle of his dreams" he noticed a shivering child crouching on the door-

step. The coins stopped their rhythmical jingle. Without a moment's hesitation, old Crocque pulled them out of his mit and pressed them firmly into the cold hand of the boy.

"A nice cup o'hot chocolate fer ye, and maybe some cookies too," he whispered. As he entered the cigar store, Sam the cheerful clerk leaned over the counter and roared, "Well, old Crocque, how many will it be tonight?"

Jacob shook his head sadly, "I'm not feelin' so good to-night," he lied, "but could I jest take one liddle puff on yers for—well, for good luck?"

Twelve o'clock found Jacob home once more. Matty had left some broth for him after all. Dear old Matty! With a contented sigh he climbed into bed feeling most pleasantly warm inside. With a sly chuckle he produced two enormous cigars from seemingly nowhere. What a generous man old Sam was; so understanding and such an amazing mind-reader! Yes, sir, it was certainly good to be alive!

MARY FELLOWS, Matric.

JAMIE

Little Jamie stretched out sleepily in the warm sun, and wriggled his dusty toes in the fresh grass. Beside him lay a long string of fish. His fishing rod was propped up by a forked stick, its line hanging into the clear water of the stream which gurgled along among the green meadows. Jamie pulled his battered straw hat over his brown eyes to shield them from the sun, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep.

Some time later he woke with a start. The sun was a great ball of red fire hovering above the horizon, and already darkness was covering the land. Guiltily, Jamie snatched up his string of fish, grabbed his fishing rod, and set off at a fast trot through the fields. There was no telling what his Aunt Mag would do to him for being late. She never seemed to be pleased at anything he did, no matter how hard he tried. He was not even sure that she was his aunt, but he had lived with her as long as he could remember.

As he drew near the tiny cottage in the woods, he saw, just as he had expected, the cross old woman standing in the doorway. "Well, fishing again, I suppose," her raucous voice shrieked at him.

Jamie shrank back into the shade of a near-by tree and answered nothing.

"You can just go without supper, and you needn't bother coming here to-night. Go sleep in the woods," she continued.

The cabin door banged, and Jamie was left alone in the woods. Tears filled his eyes as he crept off through the trees like a dog that has been beaten by its master. On and on he walked in the gathering darkness, stumbling over the roots of the trees scarcely noticing where he was going. One hand was in his pocket tightly clutching a silver locket. It was the one thing that was his own. Mag had never seen it, for he knew that if she had, she would have taken it from him as she had taken his other things. He did not know how he had come by the locket. He had just always had it, and it comforted him many times after Mag had beaten him.

After a while Jamie found himself no longer walking through the uneven underbrush, but on a smooth road. Then he noticed the headlights of a car coming toward him. He stood aside to let it pass, but the car stopped beside him. "You've got a long walk to the next house, son," a voice came from the car. "Would you like a lift?"

Jamie hesitated for a moment, and then nodded his head. "Yes please, sir, if it's not too much trouble."

"Hop right in," replied the man, and soon the car was moving off again.

They rode thus for many miles, and Jamie then concluded that he had gone far enough, if he was ever to find his way home again. The driver stopped the car, and Jamie, after thanking the man for the ride, soon found a narrow path leading from the road, which he decided to follow. Soon, however, he noticed a great many lights ahead of him shining through the branches of the trees. Coming closer, he saw a big white house, encompassed by a stately lawn. Jamie gazed at it in wonder. He had never seen anything like it before. He crept closer to the house, and onto the lawn. Suddenly he felt himself stepping into nothing. He tried to pull back from the hole, but he lost his balance and fell forward into space. He opened his mouth and screamed and then he knew nothing more.

When Jamie came to, he was lying on a couch in a room he had never seen before. A little old lady with soft white hair and kindly blue eyes was fussing over him.

"There, there, dear, you'll be all right," she consoled him as he struggled to rise. "You fell into the excavations the workmen were digging on the lawn. Just lie still until the doctor comes. That's a good boy."

Jamie stared at her. Never in his life could he remember being treated kindly. Certainly old Mag had never said a kind word to him that he

could remember. The old lady bustled out of the room, and Jamie felt in his pocket for his locket. It was not there! Where could he have lost it? He knew it had been in his pocket when he fell.

When he heard the lady returning with someone, he closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. The old lady entered the room with a young man. They were both talking in low tones, and he could not hear what they said, but they both seemed to be excited over something. He heard them walking toward him.

"This locket," the old lady was saying with a catch in her voice, "my own son and his wife—do you think?"

Jamie's eyes flew open when he heard them speak of a locket. Then he saw it in the young man's hand. "That's mine," he said, and reached up to take it. He looked at the locket in surprise. It was open, something he never knew could be done to it, and he saw two photos looking at him, one of a handsome young man and the other of a beautiful woman.

The young man turned to the old lady and said excitedly, "Mother! This is your grandson, and my nephew. This must be our Jamie! He must have wandered away from the crash when Joan and Peter were killed. He must have been found by someone, and just come in here by mistake!"

He grinned down into Jamie's inquisitive face. "Those are your parents in the locket. I am your uncle Jack, and this is your grandmother. You're going to live here with us now."

Suddenly the grin left the face of the young man and he glanced sharply out of the window at the morning sky. About twenty miles east of the house a heavy pall of smoke could be seen rising from the horizon. He frowned and rang a bell. A servant came in, and the young man questioned him about the smoke.

"Oh, that! That's just that old witch, Mag's house in the woods. It burned down early this morning. She was killed too. Certainly no one will mourn for her." He turned and left the room.

Jamie stared after him. His brain was whirling—old Mag dead! He might easily have died with her, but now he was to live here forever with his grandmother. Best of all, however, he had found a father and mother. He looked down at the two young faces in the locket, and then looked up and smiled at his grandmother.

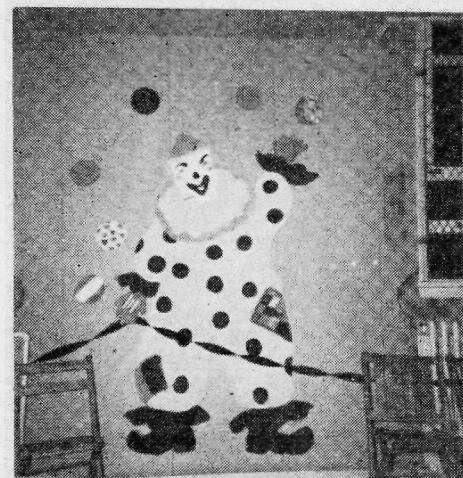
SUSANNE CHESTER, VI B



Fric and Frac and?



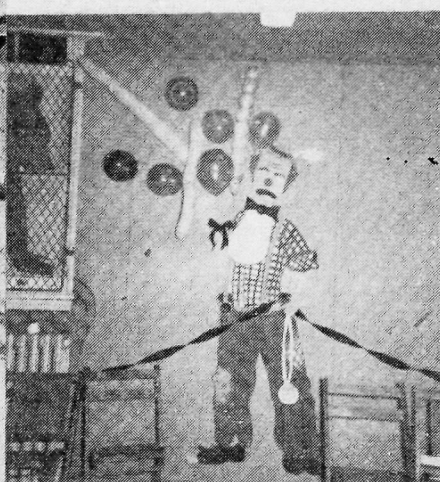
Tests past-Fun at last



The K.H.C. dance or the circus?



Compton crew cut



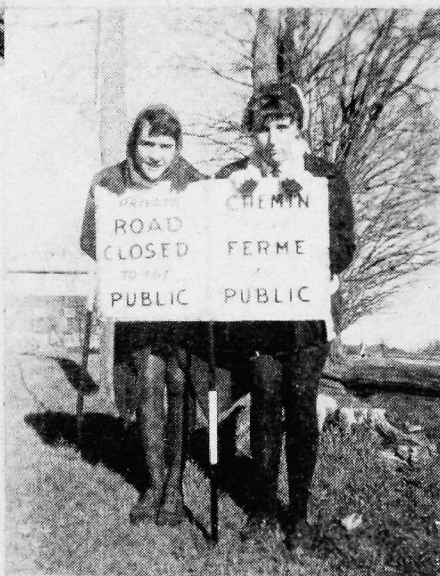
The circus or the K.H.C. dance?



Winter wonderland



A couple of clowns?



See someone you know?

PARADISE

Magnificent tapestries covered the stone walls of the room, and dark purple curtains hung heavily from the open window. The room was bare except for a huge canopied bed hung in silken curtains, now drawn. On the bed a very old man lay peacefully sleeping. The wrinkled skin had shrunk into his face, the bones of which were very prominent. His white hair hung in soft curls to his shoulders, while one could see that the burden of life was dropping from him.

Presently he awoke and pulled the bell-cord.

Immediately a servant entered, bowed, and asked, "Monsieur wishes?"

"I wish to see my youngest granddaughter, Mademoiselle Fleur. Have her come to me now."

"Certainly m'lord, she shall be summoned at once," replied the servant as he bowed once more and departed.

In a few minutes a small girl entered the room. She was dressed for bed. As she pattered across the room to her grandfather's bed you could hear the tap of her tiny feet on the stone floor. Finally she stood by the bed with her hands clasped behind her back and her golden head lowered, in deference to her grandfather.

"Fleur, climb up on the bed and talk to me for a while, for I shall not be with you very much longer," said her grandfather in a weak voice.

"Why, dear grandfather! Why are you leaving us?" asked Fleur sadly.

"We all must go away at one time or another, and I'm afraid that I must be going soon."

"Where are you going? Will I ever see you again?" asked Fleur apprehensively.

"Yes and no. When I go away you shall not see me for many years, but after that long time you will join me in Paradise."

"Paradise? Where is Paradise?"

"It is where you go after you die. You see, we believe that when we die we don't really die, but are born again in another world, sweet Fleur, much better than this world. One never hates anybody there, or is hated; one never fights, and one is never greedy or selfish."

"O grandfather, it must be wonderful there. Do tell me more, if I haven't tired you," said the child with anticipation.

"No, I'm all right. I don't know much about Paradise, only what my mother told me. Really no one knows much about it, for it is a thing beyond the soothsayers. Nevertheless I do know some things. This world is far off in space. It is above

the clouds. It has gardens full of blossoming trees and many fields of flowers that toss and dip in the breeze, while their fragrant scent fills all the air. All the animals are friendly and play together in the mountains. The people live a life of moderation. Nobody is richer or poorer than anybody else. Food and fruit are always plentiful. The sun always shines, but there is rain at night for the crops. The air is cool and fresh. Everything is perfect. I could go on and tell you many things about Paradise, but as you too shall see it some day there is really no need. In order to get there, though, you must always be good, and must be kind to everyone."

"Oh yes, grandfather. I shall be just like you. Everybody tells me how gentle and generous you always are, and so shall I be, always. Now I must go, for you are tired, and I must not keep you from your rest. Good-night, and thank you very much for telling me about Paradise."

"Good-night, Fleur. Sleep well, and don't forget your prayers."

"No, I shan't."

Then Fleur went from the room. As the door slowly shut, the moon shone through the large window, and the breeze blew the bed-curtains open slightly. The old gentleman closed his eyes and fell into a heavy sleep, never to wake again.

CLAIRE FAULKNER, Matric

SOUTH AFRICA

To many Canadians South Africa seems surrounded by a haze of everlasting sunshine, golden mystery, tribes of savage natives and herds of wild animals roaming the jungle country. It is a fascinating country, however, but not as fascinatingly uncivilized as many people have been led to think.

In many parts of the country one can find natives still living in their primitive state. They inhabit small, round mud huts with thatched grass roofs and they wear a limited amount of clothing, usually strange variations of European dress. The Zulu women, I think, are among the most attractive; they wear heavy bracelets on their arms and ankles, brightly-coloured skirts and nothing from the waist up except a few bead necklaces. Their hair styles are most extraordinary and can be compared to many which appeared in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV—although I doubt that similar preparations were used! The native woman packs her hair with mud until it is about a foot high; she then decorates this mound with beads and other designs. The hair remains like this for almost a

life time, and no combing is required! The native men are not as flamboyantly dressed as their women-folk, but not to be outdone by their wives many of them decorate their ear-lobes with wooden earrings whose sizes range from two inches in diameter up to five or six; the latter of course are not as frequently seen for it takes a great deal of time and patience to stretch an ear lobe to fit those dimensions!

As the law of bigamy is unheard of among the natives, each man has two or three wives, according to how wealthy he is, for he has to buy his wives with cattle; incidently, with the cost of living soaring the way it is, even the cost of wives has gone up twenty percent!

The natives' favourite pastime is doing their native war dances; these are fascinating procedures to watch and they enlighten one as to the origin of jitter-bugging.

As we live in the country, a few miles outside of Johannesburg, the majority of natives we have employed have not been extremely intelligent, having just arrived from their country homes. Unless they are carefully watched they will give our roast to the dog and serve the dog's meat to us. While weeding, they are apt to remove all the plants and leave the weeds, or else sit in the sun just dreaming the hours away, which pastime I hasten to add is not confined to the native races alone. From lack of education many of the natives are pathetically ignorant and are easily swayed by strange superstitions and traditions. Frequently during bad thunder storms our native wash-girl can be found sitting under the kitchen table, her apron pulled over her head shivering with fright, and although the phenomenon of lightning has often been explained to her she is convinced that it is only this extra covering that has saved her life through the years.

A great many natives flock to the cities to find work; in Johannesburg thousands are employed in the goldmines, but there are some who are not able to find work and still others who are treated extremely badly by their employers. It is from these unemployed or abused gangs of natives that thieves and murderers grow up. At home I am not allowed out alone after five o'clock in the afternoon; indeed it is dangerous for any woman to go out alone, for there are far too many natives who, just for a few shillings, are willing to put a knife in your back.

I should now like to talk to you about the wild life of South Africa. South Africa is no longer

overrun with savage animals; there are some in the very wild, sparsely populated areas, but the majority are confined to the Game Reserve, or Kruger National Park, where they live in their natural surroundings. This park is, of course, a great tourist attraction and hundreds of people drive through it each year. People are forbidden to get out of their cars, although I doubt that many would wish to, with an African elephant or lion lurking in the neighbourhood. One night a friend of ours was driving through a neighbourhood about thirty miles from the Reserve. Being thirsty he got out of his car at a small mountain stream to have a drink; he began to drink—then stopped—he was amazed and startled at the loud, somewhat vulgar lapping noise he had begun to make. He looked upstream and there to his horror he saw a black panther also enjoying his nightly beverage.

All over South Africa in the country districts there are snakes, a great number of them poisonous. Although each summer on an average we have killed ten to fifteen snakes, the only member of my family who has ever been bitten was a poor, unfortunate tortoise, who needless to say did not survive the ordeal to recount his experience. My mother once, on climbing into bed, heard a strange noise from underneath it; she snatched her gun from under her pillow where she keeps it handy for just such occasions, and shot a hooded adder, or rinkhals. Another horrible experience occurred to a friend of ours who, seeing a snake's tail slithering down a hole, grabbed on to it. The snake, however, was well prepared for this attack and put his head out of an adjoining hole and spat venom into the man's eyes. Fortunately, our friend recovered but others have not been as lucky.

I have no doubt left with you with many curious impressions of South Africa but I hasten to add, before I end, that life in any South African home is very similar to life in a Canadian one. Why, we even celebrate our Christmases in the same way with Santa Clauses, Christmas trees, and the inevitable presents. The one difference is that here in Canada you are usually freezing, with temperatures well below zero, whilst in South Africa we are doing our utmost to shelter from a heat of ninety degrees in the shade!

ROBIN BOCK, Matric

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Speech given in Sherbrooke on February 23, at the semi-final of a public speaking competition sponsored by the McGill Alumnae.

COURAGE

The waves lashed against the rocks and the wind whipped in fury, while the rain pattered endlessly on the wharf and drummed on the roofs of tiny cottages standing in a row. Johnathan Stanley sat on the wharf and waited. The lights from the cottages seemed to wink at him through the mist and seemed to say, "Cheer up Johnathan, cheer up."

He got up abruptly and walked to the end of the wharf straining his eyes for just a glimpse of the "Kennedy" moving into port, but all he could see were the waves dashing against the rocks and beyond that, blackness. He glanced up at the swirling black clouds. A storm was breaking. Where was the "Kennedy"? With a crash the storm broke and Johnathan fought against the wind to get off the wharf. He was drenched to the skin, but he sat on a rock by the road, shivering and cold, his face turned sea-wards.

Two miles out of port the "Kennedy" was tossing about on angry waves. It seemed like a playful duck as it dipped and leaped in and out of the white-caps. Captain Stanley was standing on the bridge, a stalwart and lonely figure. He realized that the schooner was in dire trouble but there was nothing he could possibly do except wait for the storm to subside. He hoped that Johnathan had not waited for him but had gone home to bed. The taut lines of his face relaxed slightly as he thought of Johnathan. He was a good boy—honest and kind—everything his mother had been. The captain smiled to himself proudly. He had saved up enough money to put Johnathan through college, and he was looking forward to the day when he would see his son graduate. All at once the captain became aware of a rain-soaked figure standing beside him, screaming above the din. His words were lost in the wind but the Captain's face became tense and white, and he started down the steps, fists clenched.

Back on the wharf Johnathan was still sitting, waiting. Surely the storm would clear soon. It must. Suddenly a shout rang out from a figure running down the muddy road. Johnathan recognized him at once as Timothy Salt, the lighthouse keeper.

"The 'Kennedy' is on the rocks," Johnathan shouted.

A low murmur of fear echoed from door to door as Johnathan and Timothy were immediately joined by ten fishermen. All night the dories rowed out to the sinking "Kennedy," bringing in hollow-eyed fishermen. The wind continued to bellow and the

white-capped waves crashed against the rocks. Johnathan stood on the wharf flashing the beam of his torch on the weary fishermen as they scrambled up the ladder. His father had not been brought in yet. Just as the sky began to brighten in the East the last dory bumped into the wharf. Johnathan strained his eyes to look at its occupants. His father was still not there.

He felt his senses reel and his knees give as he heard a distant voice saying, "He was a very brave man, stayed with his ship till the last, wouldn't leave her."

He turned and walked past the rows of anxious, weary faces fixed upon him. Some of the fishermen patted his back as he walked past; others opened their mouths as if to say something, but nothing came. He started down the muddy road, his mind clearer now. He must get ready for school. Father would not have wanted him to miss it. He looked out to sea and in the pale light of the rising sun he could just see the sinking bow of the "Kennedy." His eyes filled with tears, but he turned his head abruptly and mounted the crest of the hill towards home.

DOROTHY JOHNSTONE, VI B

IMPRESSIONS WHILE ILL

First, imagine yourself one who is not critically ill but sick enough to be forced to remain in bed—a pleasure to the healthy, and a tiresome duty to the sick. Well, there you are in bed—not lying serenely in fresh, cool sheets, but turning and tossing in rumpled sheets on a bumpy mattress which forces you to twist around at frequent intervals. With a fretful sigh, you turn over and gaze mournfully at the bedside table. On it rests a silent radio. It is a gross insult to the sick that those hideous, noisy inventions—vacuum cleaners—have to exert themselves so vigorously that they produce enough static to make listening impossible. Beside the useless radio is a large glass of ordinary cold water. It is untouched. How unfeeling people are to give you water where every cell in your body seems to be crying for delicious iced lemonade!

By the way, this reminds you that you are hungry. Shakily, you lift your head and study the clock across the room. Five minutes before one. Just as you thought! No one cares if you starve. What does it matter to **them** if you never get any lunch. You have forgotten that lunch has always been at one o'clock. With a quivering sigh of self-pity, you sink comfortably back into the rumpled pillows, and for five wonderful minutes you day-

dream. You see yourself a poor, neglected, starved child, begging piteously for a crumb of bread. You wander wearily from street to street (the city has become, strangely enough, like bombed Berlin,) crying from hunger and cold. In the middle of these soul-satisfying thoughts you are rudely interrupted by a tray. With another deep sigh, you reluctantly drag your thoughts back to this boring modern world. The tray is put down and you gaze with mounting horror at the consomme, thin tongue sandwich, tinned peas and orangeade that are before you, when you are hungry enough to eat a T-bone steak and all that goes with it. In answer to your mother's sympathetic questions, you reply that you are no better; in fact you think you are worse, much worse. You also want nothing except to be left alone.

She goes out, and you begin very slowly to sip your soup. You are rather upset to find it very good and just what you needed. Indeed, by the time the pears are finished you have had quite enough. Sliding the tray to the foot of the bed, you find yourself suddenly overcome by sleepiness, so turning and twisting to make a nice little hollow, you curl up and doze off. We shall leave you now, to dream of all the wonderful, exciting, and harrowing things that happen to a forgotten, neglected invalid.

MARGARET OGILVIE, VI A

THE GREEN BLANKET

Once upon a time in the forest there lived a tiny elf called Bimble. He was a happy little elf and sang and danced all day long. He used to sing about his snug home in the tree trunk and his large supply of food. However, sometimes he felt that there was something missing, but he could not think what it was. This thought always came to him as he got into bed at night, but when he tried to puzzle it out, the thought ran away into the clouds at the back of his mind and eluded him. This strange feeling bothered him until he fell asleep, but then he would dream beautiful dreams of elf balls and dances in the moonlight.

One summer day the forest seemed especially beautiful to him as he went for his morning walk. The shady trees made him feel protected as they bowed low. Tiny golden fingers of light peeked through the green branches and the air was cool and scented with the fragrance of the many pine cones which lay underfoot. The ground was soft, and as he tripped gaily along he felt very much in love with the world.

There he was, one moment dancing along and the

next standing perfectly still gazing at the branch of a tree, his eyes wide with wonder. Do you know what he saw? On the branch of the tree hung a tiny green blanket. It was a beautiful blanket. He had never seen one like it before. He had never had a desire to possess one before, either, but now it seemed as if he must have this. He walked up to the branch and stood looking at the blanket. Silently he put out his hand and touched it. It felt soft and woolley. How warm it would be on cold nights! He looked around him to make sure that no one could see him, and then suddenly snatched the blanket. Holding it to his breast he ran home as fast as he could. When he reached there he lay down on his bed and put the blanket around him. This was what had been missing. He felt wonderful. He lay there basking in the delightful thought of his new possession. He felt like a new elf. Nothing could harm him now. He would be safe and happy forever. He had a green blanket. At the same time a few doubts assailed him as to whether it had been right to take the blanket, but just as soon as those dreadful thoughts popped up he pushed them down again. Probably the owner had left it there on purpose because he did not want it. Yes, of course that was it. The thought satisfied him for the time being.

His life went on much as before except that when he went to bed he fell asleep wrapped in his green blanket. He never felt so safe and secure as when he lay curled up inside it. It seemed to banish all his worries and cares. If he had bad dreams he would pull it more tightly around him and the dreams would vanish. Surely it was a magic blanket!

Thoughts about the owner of the blanket might never have occurred to him again had he not gone for his walk one day at three in the afternoon instead of at ten in the morning.

He was walking slowly down the path by the old oak when he heard the voice of a little girl, "Oh, dear, oh dear! Where is my green blanket? I will be sure to get a good spanking if I do not find it."

"Surely it cannot be my blanket that she is talking about," thought Bimble.

The voice came again; "I am sure that I left it on this tree when I went away."

Bimble peeked through the branches and saw that she was looking at the branch where he had found his blanket. Then he looked at the girl. She was about seven years old, and she was crying. Bimble tried to tell himself that it was her own fault that she had lost the blanket but he could not

say it truthfully. Bimble slowly turned around and walked home. He put the green blanket over his small shoulders but instead of feeling the usual happiness that used to creep over him, he began to feel a dull ache in his heart. The blanket's charm did not work any more. He would have to give it back. Leaving it still wrapped around his shoulders he started off to find the little girl. He overtook her just as she was approaching the edge of the forest. Mutely he held out the blanket. When the little girl looked at it she began to smile.

"My blanket! Oh, where did you find it, you darling little fellow?"

Bimble shook his head because he was not allowed to speak to mortals. He turned slowly and started back into the forest. A huge tear dropped onto his chest and bounced to the ground. He sat down sadly. He felt an empty feeling. He had given up his blanket, his green blanket. The little girl ran after him and knelt down beside him.

"Are you crying because now you have no blanket? I have many blankets at home. I will give you one."

Hopefully Bimble lifted his face and when he saw that she meant it, he clapped his hands and jumped to his feet. The child took him by the hand and led him to her home, which lay in a leafy glade just beyond the edge of the forest. She ran into the house and came back with her arms full of brightly-coloured blankets.

"Here is a pretty one. It is almost the same colour as the one you had before. Would you like it?"

Bimble shook his head. He did not want another green blanket. He lifted up his hand and took a red one. Smiling his thanks, Bimble then trotted off into the forest. At the edge he turned and waved at the girl. She waved back. He waited until she had disappeared into the house before he went on his way again. That night when he climbed into bed he had his red blanket wrapped around him and he felt as warm and safe as before. The only difference was that now in his dreams the elves were clothed in red blankets, instead of in green.

JILL DONALD, V A

AN UNSUCCESSFUL MOUSE HUNT

Mr. Nooley, the wicked green-eyed cat that lived in a sunny kitchen with sparkling pots and pans, was in a terrible temper. Even his favorite geraniums by the open window held no attraction for

him. He wanted to go to a dark place, and thought of the parlour with its half-drawn curtains. His wife was sure to be there; therefore, Mr. Nooley went seeking sympathy which he knew he would get.

"I missed that confounded Jerry Mouse again," he yelled. "Oh, I'll get him next time, never fear!"

"Now, dear, don't get so agitated. Lie down beside the fire and tell me all about it."

His wife's soft words did not help his anger, but he lay down not too near the spluttering blaze of flame.

"Well, I went into the kitchen and there, on the new table under the spice cupboard, that insolent Jerry Mouse was eating cheese and dropping morsels of it into my blue china bowl of milk. I managed to creep up behind him, but he saw my shadow and ran. What a chase followed! I can well remember the day when I caught seven mice in a few hours. That chase brought it all back to me."

Mr. Nooley was nearly in tears and his wife comforted him until he was able to resume his story.

"I ran after the creature, over chairs, tables, and dressers, even the garbage can, and then I trapped him under a saucer."

"Under our saucer? That mouse under my saucer? I'll have that dish thoroughly washed," retorted Mr. Nooley's wife.

"I was saying he was under a saucer. Just as I was going to lift up the saucer and grab him, in came Anne. You know how she feels about my catching rodents! She came over, slapped me, lifted the saucer and let Jerry Mouse run over me and across the floor to a hole in the wainscot. I was left completely alone. Anne did not even apologize to me for her behavior. I am furious, absolutely furious."

The fire had died down leaving only glowing embers, which barely cast a shadow on the dark walls. Mr. Nooley, exhausted, was heard to murmur, "It was the most unsuccessful mouse-hunt in all my life, but I'll get him yet, never fear."

JUDY OGILVIE, V A



THE LOST DIME

Keith Young pulled out everything from first one pocket and then the other, even from the back pocket in which he never kept anything important, but in vain. It couldn't be found. He had lost the dime which was to pay his car-fare home. Keith had spent the afternoon at the construction yard with his father and had planned to go home with him, but Mr. Young had suddenly been called to a meeting. He had given Keith a dime and told him to go straight home.

Keith had intended to obey his father, but just as he started walking to the car stop a large sign caught his eye. "Wild Animal Show—Free Admission." It was the "Free Admission" in the lower left hand corner that really caught Keith's eye, for the dime was the only money he had. The show had been marvellous. The keeper had even allowed Keith to feed an elephant—but where was the dime? Keith looked up and saw through the quickly darkening sky the square clock which pointed to six. When he thought of not being able to get home, two salt drops started to run down the small freckled face. Faster and faster they came until Keith couldn't even see, he was crying so hard.

He sat down on a box and was so busy crying that he did not hear the nearing footsteps until a loud cheerful voice said, "Whatever would you be crying for, Laddie?"

Keith looked up, very surprised to hear anyone speaking to him, but there was someone standing before him. Keith brushed his arm across his face and looked up again. It was a policeman.

As Keith wasn't quite sure what to do, he said with his voice showing sounds of tearfulness, "Were you talking to me?"

"Ah, I was. I asked you why you were crying so hard. Surely a laddie your age is too young to be out on the streets at this hour."

"I've lost it."

"Lost what?" came the question from the policeman, whose accent held a trace of broad Scotch in it.

"My dime. I've lost my dime." With this reply the tears started rolling more quickly down Keith's cheeks.

"There now; you've no reason to be crying when you have Andy McLeod with you. Dry up them tears, now Laddie, or you'll have a wet shirt. Up you get, and I'll take you to the station."

Keith, having this new friend, felt a bit better. He stopped crying and got to his feet.

"What station are we going to?"

"To the police station."

"What for?"

"So I can take you back to your parents."

That seemed to content Keith, and for a while everything was quiet between the two as they walked along, but only for a while. This time, however, it was Captain McLeod who spoke.

"What's your name, Lad? You haven't told me."

"Keith."

"Keith what?"

"Keith Young!"

"How old are you?"

"Ten".

That was all the conversation that passed between the two for the rest of the way to the station. When they arrived, however, it was a different matter. Keith was seated at a table and was given the biggest bowl of ice-cream he had ever seen. His eyes widened as it was set down before him.

"Is that for me?" he asked in a voice which was no more than a whisper. "Really and truly?"

When told it was, he began to eat away at a great rate.

"Have you finished yet, Keith?"

"Yes, thank you, Captain McLeod."

"Fine. Then we'll get down to business. Where do you live?"

"227 Montrose Avenue."

Captain McLeod went to the telephone and called the Youngs. He assured them that Keith was all right and would be brought straight home. Before very long Keith arrived home with McLeod, and as soon as the door was opened started talking a mile a minute.

"Mummy, you should have seen all the ice-cream I ate. Daddy, I used a real policeman's bat!"

Keith would have continued talking had not his father said sternly to him, "Keith, go up to bed at once!"

Keith turned, and with a bowed head slowly climbed the stairs. Nothing was heard for a while until an excited yell brought Mr. and Mrs. Young running upstairs.

"Mummy, Daddy, look! I found it; I found my dime. It was in my coat pocket. May I keep it, Daddy?"

Keith's voice was eager. He had completely forgotten the trouble and worry a lost dime and a small boy had caused his parents.

ANDREA RUTHERFORD, VI A

TONY

The rain fell in torrents upon the little Catholic Church in Cavenne, Italy, and the wind whistled and howled amongst the trees. However, all was calm inside the church. It was Good Friday and all men, women, and children of the parish had come to pray to Christ, who on this day hundreds of years ago, had died so that they might live.

The hymn floated from the organ touching the hearts of all who heard it, including Tony Brindisi's, who was standing on tip-toes peering through the little side window. How wet he was, and how cold! His thin trousers and ragged sweater were soaked. His hands and bare feet were like ice. Tony's thoughts were not centred upon himself, however, but on the scene inside. How he wished that he were respectable so that he too might take part in this beautiful service. His large brown eyes gazed at the image of Jesus on the cross and as he strained to hear the music his eyes filled with tears. His frail body trembled and his blue lips quivered. "Oh Jesus," he murmured. The service continued, the sermon and then the Communion. It was all so wonderful.

Outside, the rain still poured down and the wind blew Tony's tangled brown hair in all directions. The boy shoved one hand into his pocket and took out a piece of paper. This paper was his most precious belonging, for on it were written three prayers. He knew them off by heart, of course, but still it seemed more like the others inside to have something to read from. He sighed as he thought of his ragged little prayer book. No doubt it was in the garbage can now. Aunt Graziella had caught him reading it several days before and with an angry cry she had seized it from the lad and turned him from the house. He had not meant to let her find him reading his precious book, but somehow he had to read it to console himself. Since then Tony had not eaten or slept and his pale face was almost blue, his arms and legs a bundle of bones.

The service was over and the people began to file from the church. Tony ran to a nearby oak tree and hid behind it. It would never do to let these people find a ragamuffin at their church. The tree somewhat sheltered him from the wind as he patiently waited until everyone had gone home.

After a while, he crept from his 'hide-out' and ran, stumbling all the way, up to the church door. His heart beat quickly and his dull eyes brightened. He tugged at the door, which opened very slowly, and after a moment's pause, he slipped inside. At the back of the small church he knelt, said his

prayers fervently, got up and slowly walked towards the altar rail and reaching it, he knelt. How peaceful and how warm it seemed. Again his hand went to his pocket and it fumbled about, returning with a single match. He struck it and lit a candle. The flame flickered and burst into a shining light, brightening the darkened church. Sad thoughts filled Tony's mind. His mother! How wonderful she had been. He pictured clearly her pale beautiful face and her long flowing black hair. He remembered her last words.

"Tony, my darling, I am going to another world happier than this one. Keep your chin up, darling, and always remember that Jesus is your friend and helper. Aunt Graziella will look after you, and please be a good boy. I—" her voice had trailed off, and her eyes had closed, never to open again.

As he thought of his father his teeth clenched.

"He killed Mummy," he murmured. Yes, his drunken father had worried and starved his mother to death. Then Tony's eyes softened.

"God bless Daddy," he whispered.

Suddenly the lad heard faint strains of organ music. How far away they were, but now they were coming closer. He raised his weary head to look at the altar. Were those statues of angels moving? They seemed to be advancing towards him. He felt so peaceful and happy, but so tired. The candle flickered again and this time it went out. With it went little Tony Brindisi, flying with the angels to meet his mummy in heaven.

ANN CAMERON, VI B

LA MAISON DE MES RÊVES

Suivant notre humeur, la maison de nos rêves change entièrement d'aspect. La mienne a ce charme—quand je suis d'humeur très gaie, c'est une maison spacieuse que j'aimerais avoir, une sorte d'hôtel particulier, situé en ville, et qui serait construit tout spécialement pour y donner de grandes parties de plaisir. Lorsque tout le monde m'ennuie, il me plairait d'avoir une très petite cabane en bois dans l'Alaska, sans téléphone. En hiver, quand il fait très froid, c'est une agréable villa en Floride que je souhaiterais; tandis qu'au milieu de l'été un chalet, situé bien haut dans les montagnes, me conviendrait merveilleusement.

Cependant, le plus souvent, la maison de mes rêves est tout simplement une très jolie petite demeure, bien confortable, à quelques milles d'une grande ville.

MARGOT BEAUBIEN, Matric

A KITCHEN WEDDING

"Today is the day," said Belinda the dish-mop.
 "Tut, tut, Belinda, make yourself clear, dear," said her mother the dishpan.

"Why, mother, don't tell me you have forgotten about the wedding of Mr. Spoonwright and Miss Ladle?"

"Bless my paint, how absent-minded of me. I thought there was great excitement when young Sally Ladle woke up. She is to be the flower girl?"

"It is awfully exciting, and the first wedding I've ever attended."

"I must go and help with the wedding preparations. Be a good girl now, dear," and so saying she left her daughter to think over the coming occasion in solitude.

"Good-morning, Belinda my dear. Getting excited over the wedding, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, Grannie Soap, I can hardly wait. When is it going to begin?"

"Why good gracious me, I didn't realize the time was flying so quickly. We have only a few minutes before the ceremony begins. We had better hurry, my dear, if we want to get a good seat on the kitchen table."

When they neared the table they saw all the kitchen utensils dressed in their best, talking and giggling like a group of silly school-girls.

"It's a little crowded," Belinda heard her grandmother say when a group of boisterous young children nearly sent her flying off her feet.

"Shhh, Grannie; the bride has just arrived. Here are two seats," and they both sat down noiselessly.

The bride was dressed in a charming little lace dress, with a dainty train of white silk hanging over her shoulders. In her hands she clutched a bunch of bluebells tied with a blue bow, and her face was polished so brightly that it cast a reflection on the wall. The bride and groom paraded slowly around the kitchen—

"I could have sworn I put the spoons in this drawer." What was that! All the wedding guests stiffened. It was the cook. Springing lightly from the table and shelves they ran helter-skelter just in time. The spoons were too frightened to move, but lay perfectly still in the middle of the table, and were there when the cook entered the room.

"Why here they are; I must have left them here after washing the dishes last night," she said, but all the kitchen utensils knew why the spoons had been found on the table, and they had certainly not been left there by human hands.

MARY ALSTON, V A

UN ACCIDENT

Vous souvenez-vous d'un accident dont vous avez été témoin? Mais oui, certainement, l'été passé j'en ai été témoin d'un terrible. C'est même un accident que je me rappellerai toute ma vie.

Un après-midi, je me promenais au bord de la mer. Il pleuvait très fort, et c'est pour cette raison que j'avais mis mon imperméable, mes caoutchoucs, et un surôit. La mer était démontée, et les grosses vagues se précipitaient avec furie contre les rochers. Une bonne odeur d'eau salée et de varech remplissait l'air. Je marchais lentement, heureuse d'être au monde parce que j'aime la pluie ainsi que le bruit des flots.

Tout à coup, j'entendis un faible cri. Il semblait venir du pied de la petite falaise qui se dressait à quelques pas devant moi. D'abord, je pensai que c'était mon imagination, mais, lorsque je l'entendis de nouveau, je me mis à courir vers l'endroit d'où venait la voix plaintive. En arrivant au sommet de la falaise, je me penchai par-dessus le bord. Avec horreur, j'aperçus une chose blanche qui flottait dans l'eau, près des rochers. Il y eut un autre cri; je m'élançai alors dans le sentier qui conduisait à la plage. En chemin, je tombai sur les cailloux, dans la boue, et, essouffée, j'arrivai enfin au bord de l'eau. Là, une toute petite fille faisait de violents efforts pour ne pas se noyer. Elle avait de beaux cheveux blonds. Je me penchai vers elle pour tacher de l'attraper par sa longue chevelure, mais soudain une immense vague se précipita sur moi d'une telle force que je perdis l'équilibre et tombai dans l'océan.

Lorsque je réussis à reprendre pied sur la terre ferme, les flots grondaient toujours, ayant englouti leur petite victime, tandis que moi je demeurais accablée devant cet horrible malheur.

EVE GORDON, Matric

UNE JOURNÉE DE PRINTEMPS
À LA CAMPAGNE

En cette belle journée de printemps, Marie se sentait très heureuse; c'était samedi, et elle se réjouissait de ne pas devoir aller à l'école.

Un doux zéphyr agitait le feuillage et le soleil brillait sur les cheveux blonds de la petite fille, assise sous les arbres.

Soudain, Marie éprouva le désir d'aller voir si les violettes étaient épanouies dans le bois. Elle se leva et se dépêcha d'aller à la maison pour dire à sa mère où elle voulait se rendre. Après que sa maman lui eut recommandé de ne pas s'avancer trop loin dans la forêt, Marie prit son panier et partit.

Arrivée à la lisière du bois, elle poussa un cri de joie en apercevant d'innombrables violettes sous les feuilles sèches. Immédiatement, elle se baissa pour les ramasser.

Tout à coup, Marie entendit quelqu'un derrière elle, et, se retournant, elle aperçut un petit homme de moins de trois pieds de haut qui la regardait attentivement. Il était tout vêtu de vert et avait une très longue barbe.

Nullement effrayée, elle s'inclina très bas et dit "Bonjour monsieur, comment allez-vous?"

Le lutin ne répliqua rien, mais il continua à regarder la bambine.

"J'espère" dit-elle "que je ne vous ai pas dérangé. Je ramassais des violettes pour m'en faire une parure." Le petit elfe, sans dire un seul mot, lui fit signe de le suivre. Il la conduisit très loin dans la forêt et s'arrêta devant un grand érable.

"Tisinga" commanda-t-il, immédiatement une petite porte dans l'arbre s'ouvrit. Il entra, puis revint quelques minutes après avec un coffret plein de bijoux qu'il offrit à Marie disant "Choisissez-en un, ma chère, et quand vous aurez besoin de moi n'oubliez pas de le regarder"

Marie le remercia, puis elle choisit un collier vert de la même couleur que son costume, après quoi le roi des gnomes disparut.

Marie commença alors à avoir peur, car elle avait perdu sa route.

Son père la retrouva endormie au fond des bois. Il la tira de son beau rêve.

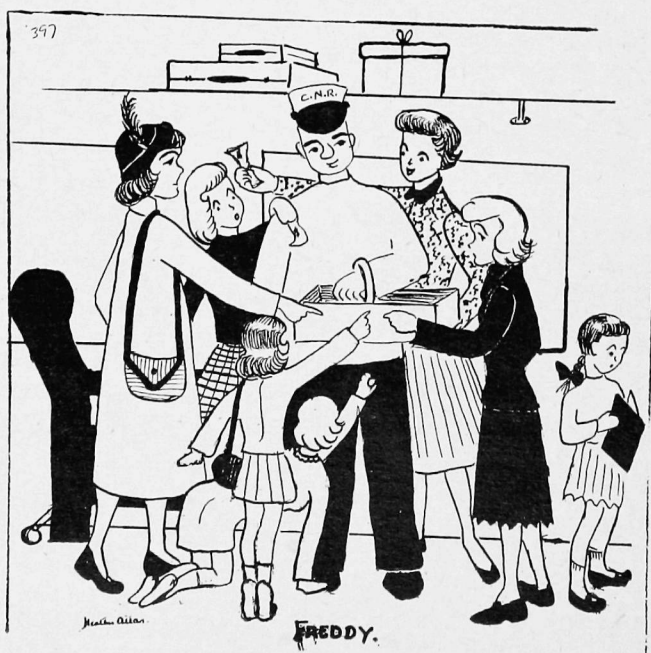
SHEILA BULMAN, Matric

UNE AVENTURE

Je me promenais dans un grand magasin, très élégant admirant les belles choses qui s'y trouvaient; les robes de toutes couleurs, les riches fourrures, les chapeaux aux formes diverses, les jolis souliers, enfin tout ce qu'on voit dans un magasin de premier ordre. J'allais d'un comptoir à l'autre; il me semblait que j'étais venue là pour acheter quelque chose, mais je ne savais pas quoi. Tout à coup, je vis un joli vase de fin cristal et de forme exquise, une véritable oeuvre d'art. Je le pris pour mieux l'admirer. Hélas! le malheureux vase m'échappa des mains et tomba à terre. Avec effroi, je le vis se briser en mille morceaux... Immédiatement, toutes les personnes qui étaient là se retournèrent et me regardèrent d'un mauvais oeil, le doigt pointé vers moi et disant d'une voix qui se faisait de plus en plus forte: "C'est elle! C'est elle, la coupable!"

Epouvantée, je courus vers la sortie en faisant des détours pour éviter les mannequins et les comptoirs. Tout le monde me suivait, et moi je ne pouvais trouver la porte du magasin. Enfin, je ne sais comment, j'étais seule dans une grande chambre plutôt sombre. Je me précipitai vers la fenêtre entr'ouverte, par laquelle je passai la tête en criant. "Au secours! au secours!" Hélas! Je m'avançai si loin sur l'appui que je tombai dans le vide... Je m'éveillai alors en sursaut sur le plancher de ma propre chambre à coucher, fort contente de m'apercevoir que toutes mes aventures n'étaient qu'un mauvais rêve.

PAMELA STEWART, Matric





JUST JUNIORS

VB FORM REPORT

When our school term commenced in September, our form was made up of ten old girls and eight new girls. Four of the new girls came from Montreal, one from Vancouver, one from England and one from South America. However, it was not long before everyone was one happy group.

We elected a form captain each term. Tony Mitchell was chosen the first term, Ursula Style the second, and Sandra Smith the third. Raquel Caridi was our games captain for the year. These girls did their numerous and often tedious duties exceedingly well.

At the end of the Christmas Term, the Junior School, of which we are a part, presented "The Birth of Christ" under the capable direction of Miss McCleery. Susan Ward, Linda Ward and Raquel Caridi played their parts very well.

In the Summer Term, after weeks of practice, we presented our operetta, "The Toymaker." The whole form took part and it was a great success. Sheila Williams as the announcer and Ann Rawlings, Vicky Nesbitt, Ursula Style, Diane Smith, Sandra Smith, Deidre Allan, Shirley Eakin, Judy Northey, Susan Cuthbertson, Sarah Rogers and Nancy Millen gave outstanding performances.

This year VB had their own Red Cross group. We met each Saturday morning in the form room under the direction of Miss Ramsay, our Form Mistress. Jill Woods acted as president and Judy Northey was our capable treasurer. We made favours for the hospital wards and knitting and sewing was also done.

We have learnt to look forward to and enjoy our games period every afternoon with Miss Hammer. Last Autumn, we played soccer and baseball. We played soccer against the VA's and lost, but it was great fun as it was our first form game. We had great success playing the game Double Fire. We defeated all the forms except VI A, but even that was a tough game. We began basketball in the Easter Term.

Judy St. George left us in the fall after the first eight weeks of the term, to spend the winter in Switzerland. She returned shortly after Easter. We were all very happy to have her back.

Miss Ramsay, as our Form Mistress, has helped us along in our ups and downs. Unfortunately, on account of illness, Miss Ramsay was absent at the beginning of the Easter Term, and Mrs. Murray very kindly took her place.

We have learned to enjoy our work and play and have spent a very happy year in VB.

DIANE SMITH, VB

THE JUNIOR COTTAGE

This year we have a large and happy group in the Cottage, looked after by our two Matrons, Mrs. Wiggett and Madame Lamprecht. We love them both very much. There are nineteen girls at the Cottage, and we get along fairly well together. Last term we welcomed two new girls, Lise Quenneville and Lynne Crawford-Brown. We like them both very much. We were sad when our friend, Ann Iddon, left us to go to England, but we know she will have a wonderful time and be back next year.

Some of the girls live upstairs and some live down. Among those who live upstairs are Saundray Bogert, whom we call Beachy, and Sandra Stewart whom we call Shrivel. They are always carefree and gay and make everyone roar with laughter. Nothing is half as gay without them. Another grand person is Barbara Miller. She is great fun and everyone likes her. Barbara and her room-mate, Jane Gordon, are among the best in sports. Our good friend, Lynne Morris, is always cracking jokes, and is a great hockey fan, with Jane Gordon and Barbara Miller. They are for the Toronto Maple Leafs. Another person very good in sports and very kind is Barbara Oliphant. She studies hard, too, and wins plenty of "pluses" for her House. Some people are always losing things, especially Judy Peron and Penny Parsons. Judy is always finding her glasses in the most peculiar places. She brings in strange and interesting things from outside, too. We all enjoy Judy's beautiful ballet dancing. Penny's nickname is "Ben the Bun-Boy" or "Boney the Bone-Boy." She always loses her retainer and finds it in her pocket, after looking everywhere imaginable. Barbara Rooney is the artist of the Cottage; she is also very kind and thoughtful. If you are looking for Barbara, you will usually find her in her room drawing a glamour girl.

The seven youngest girls live downstairs. Wendy and Robin Smith are sisters, very nice girls and very good in sports. Wendy is tall and thin and Robin is short and plump. There are also Bambi Reeves and Susan Vickers, both very friendly. Bambi has just come home from England with an English accent. The smallest girl in the Cottage is Jane Mitchell, a great rider. Although she is the smallest, she is not the youngest. That is pretty, blue-eyed Beverley Rooney. She is just eight years old. Everyone gets Beverley and Barbara Rooney mixed up, because they are both about the same size, although Barbara is two years

older. The "dare-devil" of the Cottage is Cynthia Bailey. Cynthia always likes to go outside and play in the field, no matter how muddy it is. She is a good gardener, too; she has a little garden at the front of the house, and helps the other girls to plant their bulbs.

From the time the rising bell rings on Monday morning and we crawl out of our comfortable beds until the last light is turned off after Sunday's happy day, we live a gay and busy life at the Cottage. We want to thank you, Mrs. Wiggett and Madame Lamprecht, for all the kindness and patience that you've had with us noisy and mischievous children. Thank you.

PENNY PARSONS, IV A

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

We always have a Christmas party a few days before we go home for the holidays. This year we chose Saundray Bogert as Santa Claus. She made a very good Santa too. She dressed up in some red leggings, and borrowed a red jacket, black boots, red mitts, and a long red tuque. For the beard and moustache Saundray used cotton batting.

Santa Claus came in when we were all quiet and sitting in the living-room. When we heard his bells we all began singing "Jingle Bells." Then Santa gave out all the presents from under the tree to the girls. A few days before, we had drawn each other's names, and gave a present to the girl whose name we had drawn. We all got very nice presents from our friends. We sang some Christmas carols; then after refreshments we all tumbled into bed and were soon happily asleep.

JANE GORDON, IV A

MA PETITE PRINCESSE

En revenant de Florence, Maman et Papa m'ont rapporté une belle poupée: je l'appelle ma petite Princesse italienne.

Elle a de jolis yeux bleus, une belle chevelure bouclée, des joues roses et une petite bouche qui sourit toujours. Mais le plus extraordinaire c'est qu'elle marche. Je la tiens par la main comme si elle était ma petite soeur, car elle mesure plus de deux pieds de haut. Elle tourne la tête et les yeux à droite et à gauche. Comme elle est élégante avec sa robe à la mode de Florence!

Je prends soin de ma chérie. Le soir, quand je la couche, elle murmure ce que je crois comprendre: "Bonsoir, petite mère."

JUDITH PERRON, IV B

THE GIRL WHO WAS TIRED OF WORK

Once upon a time in the land of Moorluck lived a pretty little girl with golden hair and sky blue eyes, named Sarenia. Sarenia lived in a little cottage with her mother and ten sisters. Every one of the sisters loved to help her mother with the work except Sarenia. One night as Sarenia was lying in bed she thought of all the work she had done that day. She had scrubbed the floor, washed the windows, milked the cow, churned the butter and cooked the meals.

"Oh dear," thought Sarenia, "if only I did not have to work. I'd love to live in a castle and play and have fun all day. When I was hungry some food would appear before me. In the castle would be a feather bed made from the down of a dove."

Slowly Sarenia fell asleep. The golden moon rose into the sky and little stars glittered like sparkling diamonds. All the world was peaceful and quiet. Suddenly Sarenia awoke to see a silver light far out in the sky. As she watched, it came closer and closer, growing larger and larger until it was finally a foot high. Half frightened, Sarenia gazed, but her fear went when she saw the light land on her window-sill and form into a tiny fairy with hair of spun gold and a dress of stars. She held a silver wand on the end of which twinkled the brightest star imaginable.

"Wh—wh—what are you doing h-h-here?" stammered Sarenia.

"You should know", said the fairy in a voice like tinkling bells. "I have come to grant you your wish. Come with me."

"Where?"

"Out of the window, naturally."

"Oh!"

Sarenia and the fairy flew through the air, up a flight of golden stairs, and again plunged off into the sky.

"Oh dear, I will fall," thought Sarenia many times, but she went bravely on and easily sailed after the fairy. The stars seemed to smile at them, and the moon to shake in glee. At last before them stood a most beautiful castle. It was of the brightest gold, with little stars sprinkled all over it.

"My wish *has* come true," sighed Sarenia.

Sarenia walked through the rooms of the castle. Each one was different. One was made of silver, and another of crystal, but her bedroom was the most beautiful of all. The walls were of the whitest ivory with little figures carved in them. Her bed was of pale pink satin and her curtains of the same, with little stars sprinkled on them. When

Sarenia sat on her bed she felt as if she were on a cloud. Then she lay down and slept for six hours.

When she awoke she changed into a dress of spun gold and went down to the dining room.

"I'm so hungry," she thought.

The second she thought this the table was spread with delicious food—chickens, pies, cakes, lamb, steaks, potatoes, and plum-pudding. Sarenia at once started to eat. When she finished she decided that she would go riding, so she opened the door and walked into a garden with the reddest roses and the whitest lilies. Near the garden was a bubbling stream. Then she saw a magnificent golden stallion proudly prancing on the dark green grass. On its head was a large black plume. When it noticed Sarenia it walked slowly over to her, and Sarenia found herself on its back. Sarenia was thrilled, as the stallion galloped through a large green forest. As soon as the sun went down Sarenia and the horse went back to the castle. Sarenia put her arms around the horse and said "good-night." Then she opened the door of the castle, went upstairs, and fell asleep on her soft feather bed.

After a week of nothing but playing, sleeping, and eating, Sarenia began to think about her home, about her ten sweet sisters, and her gentle mother.

"I wish I had some work to do; this is so boring," she thought one night as she was falling asleep.

Next morning she woke in her own room, and saw her mother looking down at her.

"Hurry, dear. You have over-slept. Your work is waiting, and your porridge is getting cold."

"Oh Mother dear, I will be glad to work."

From that day on, Sarenia never complained or was tired of work again. She and her family lived happily ever after.

PENNY PARSONS, IV A



A LITTLE CUP

Many years ago in the land of Germany lived a little girl called Gretchen. She came from a very wealthy and noted family. Gretchen was a very lonely and unhappy child even though she had parents who loved her and did everything they could for her. On her tenth birthday she was given a silver cup. On its side stood a little house with a thatched roof and big wide windows. It was a pretty home. In the doorway stood a lady. Beneath the trees nearby two children were playing happily. The handles of the cup were made of two small faces, one of a boy, the other of a girl.

That night when Gretchen went to bed she heard a voice saying, "Gretchen, to-night your cup will come alive and you will live in the house on the cup for a time."

Gretchen was very frightened, but wouldn't you be if you heard a voice coming out of nowhere? She soon fell fast asleep and forgot all about the message.

Later that night she awoke to find herself in a strange room in a strange house with strange people all around her.

"Where am I, and who are you?" she asked.

"You are in the house on the cup, dear, and we are the people living in it. My name is Mrs. Handish and these are my two children, Hans and Greta. You look hungry. Would you care for some bread and milk?" asked the lady.

"Thank you very much, kind lady, for I am very hungry."

After a hearty meal all the children went out to play. They played many happy games together, and the time flew. As the first rays of dawn spread over the world Mrs. Handish called her children in, for it was time for bed.

When Gretchen woke up the next morning she found herself back in her own room in her own house. At breakfast when she told her family about her night out, they all laughed at her and told her it was only a dream. Poor little Gretchen didn't feel very happy, so she decided to go for a walk to the glen. As Gretchen walked on, she thought she heard voices coming from the glen, and sure enough there she saw a house just like the one on the cup, with children and a lady just the same also. Gretchen and her new-found friends played together every day, and lived happily ever after.

LYNN MORRIS, IV A

TIMMY

"Hum-m, Hum-m," said the bus motor as it sped along the highway. A little five-and-a-half-year-old boy sat in the bus with his freckled nose pressed to the window, and his blue eyes taking in everything. His brown hair was neatly combed, and he wore brown shorts, a brown cowboy shirt with a picture of Will Rogers on it, and of course his cowboy hat.

Soon the bus stopped, and the bus driver told Timmy that it was time to get off. Off jumped Timmy, and the bus drove away. Across the street stood his Aunt Eva, with her long brown hair hanging down over her shoulders, and her brown eyes sparkling. She wore a lovely blue dress with flowers all over it.

"Hello, Timmy," said Aunt Eva.

"Hello," said Timmy, running up to his aunt with a big hug and kiss.

"Come with me, and I'll show you the tent where you are going to stay."

When they reached the lake this is what met Timmy's eyes. The house was of brown logs with a beautiful porch which went right over the beach and part of the water. A huge willow tree was near, and its branches reached over part of the porch. Right near the house was a sign which read "Blue Ridge Farm." The flaps of a tent fluttered in the wind.

"Timmy, you can sleep in the tent," said his Aunt Eva; "Johnny, the boy next door, is going to sleep with you; your Uncle Bill is gone to get him."

Timmy stood there looking at the huge garden; through the garden came a little road; it went over a little bridge which a stream flowed under. Soon after Timmy had explored the house and grounds a car drove up and out jumped Uncle Bill and Johnny.

"Hello, Timmy," said Uncle Bill.

"Hello," said Timmy, giving his uncle a big kiss.

"Hello, Johnny," said Timmy; come and see where we are going to sleep."

Johnny and Timmy ran toward the tent. When they entered it what should they see on their beds but two cowboy suits. After thanking Aunt Eva and Uncle Bill they crawled into bed.

The next morning they got into their cowboy suits and had breakfast. At about ten o'clock they trotted through the sandy beach pretending to be cowboys on horses. Suddenly they heard a rumble of thunder; then "trip, trip" went the rain on the leaves and grass. "Swosh" came a

downpour of rain, a flash of lightning, a crash of thunder.

"I'm frightened," said Timmy to Johnny as they huddled together under a huge elm tree.

Suddenly they heard footsteps coming closer and closer.

"Who's there?" stammered Timmy.

"Johnny and Timmy, it's Uncle Bill to take you home."

"Uncle Bill," said Timmy, "we're so frightened."

Later they arrived home to dry clothes, a hot fire, and best of all, a big dinner.

BARBARA MILLER, IV A

THE FESTIVAL OF THE BLUE FISHING NETS

Last summer when our family visited France, we went to the ancient town of Concarneau in the Province of Brittany. Here the annual festival of the Blue Fishing Nets was taking place. This was a festival of rejoicing for the last year's plentiful catch. All the fishing boats were in the dock, with their blue fishing nets hanging out to dry.

All the peasants and fishermen from Concarneau and the surrounding villages come to this yearly festival. The young girls wore gay-coloured full skirts, pretty aprons with lovely embroidery or lace on them, and blouses with beautiful lace collars. The girls from each village wore a different head-dress. The older women wore long black dresses, with white lace collars and head-dresses. The men wore black trousers with bright waistcoats and large black broad-brimmed hats. Most of the peasants wore wooden shoes.

The festival took place in the village square, where many booths were built, from which were sold various novelties. The crowds were also entertained by a merry-go-round.

There was a procession around Concarneau, and the people had chosen a queen, who was the prettiest girl in the town. The parade was led by a dozen young men and women on horse back, who were in their native costumes. Next came a decorated cart full of little children, also dressed in their native costumes. A small band was next in the line, playing merry French folk songs. Lastly came a beautiful throne drawn by raven-black horses. On the throne sat the queen, dressed in a long white dress, and waving happily to the crowds. The procession went through the ancient streets of Concarneau, where many people were watching.

We spent a most delightful time at this festival, and there is still a vivid picture of it in my mind.

VICTORIA NESBITT, VB



THE TOYMAKER

VB
Cast.

Toy maker	-----	Ann Rawlings
Old Mother	-----	Victoria Nesbitt
Princess	-----	Sandra Smith
Main Dolls	-----	Wanda Style
	-----	Diane Smith
	-----	Tony Mitchell
	-----	Judy Northey
	-----	Shirley Eakin
Prince	-----	Audrie Allan
Herald	-----	Susan Ward
Emperor	-----	

Ladies of the Court

Gill Words - Raquel Lander - Linda Ward

Other Dolls

Sarah Rogers - Nancy Miller -

Susan Luthbertson - Judith St George



JUNIOR OPERETTAS

During the last two weeks of April, two charming operettas were presented on the King's Hall stage.

The first, dealing with the familiar fairy tale, "The Frog Prince," was performed by the Junior House. Barbara Miller and Jane Gordon acted the leading roles of the charming princess and her frog suitor.

The second operetta, "The Toymaker," was presented by the VB's. Here we saw Ann Rawlings as the Toymaker and Sandra Smith as his beloved princess.

The young actresses and singers of both these performances, along with the costumes and scenery, were most outstanding and were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Special thanks are due to Miss McCleery for many long hours spent in preparing the two operettas.

MARY FELLOWS, MATRIC

THE BUTTERFLY

I'm a little butterfly, flying in the wind.
Whither shall I go? That I do not know.
Perhaps I'll fly out across the sea,
Or maybe I will travel with a little brown bee,
Or maybe he will come back to me.

SANDRA STEWART, IV A

HANSEL AND GRETEL

One Friday evening during the winter term we had a little play at the Cottage. The name of the play was "Hansel and Gretel." We made all kinds of scenery, put up posters, and decorated the hall and staircase with pine branches. We all enjoyed helping to get the things ready. We invited some of our teachers to come.

The people in the play were Judy Perron, "Gretel"; Barbara Miller, "Hansel"; Penny Parsons, the Mother; Barbara Oliphant, the Father; Sandra Stewart, the "Good Fairy"; and Vickey Nesbitt, the "Witch." Jane Gordon and Saundray Bogert were the ushers. The play was quite short but we had ever so much fun doing it. After the play we had cookies and punch for refreshments. Everyone was happy and gay. The teachers enjoyed it too, I think.

One thing we know is that if it hadn't been for our Matrons, Mrs. Wiggett and Madame Lamprecht, our play would not have been a success. We all are glad to have Matrons who are so good and kind to us. No one in the Cottage will ever forget "Hansel and Gretel."

BARBARA OLIPHANT, IV A

A BOWL OF GOLDFISH

This story begins in a little stone cottage down a lane, where a little girl named Katy was inside looking at a bowl of big goldfish, with long tails and swooping fins. She sat in a big armchair staring at the fascinating fish slowly swimming around the ferns and ornaments at the bottom—a little orange-red castle, an anchor, a couple of shells and a big reddish-brown stone.

While watching the fish, Katy fell asleep dreaming about them. She dreamed that she was at the ocean, and beside the ocean was the castle that she had seen in the bowl with the fish. As she was sitting on the beach a big wave came right over her head, and before she knew where she was, she was sitting in the castle under the sea. It was very lonely and strange to her, so she got scared and called for help.

All of a sudden a great big goldfish appeared and said, "What is the matter, little girl?"

"Oh, nothing; it's all right," she said in a trembling tone; "but who are you?"

"Oh, I am Goldy, your goldfish."

"Where is the other one?"

"Do you mean Sparkle, my wife?" She is over in the treasure chest collecting jewels for our fins. That is where I get my sparkly fins."

"They are beautiful, aren't they. Would you please show me your jewel chest? Perhaps you would let me take one or two jewels home to my mother to show her."

"I'll take you," said Goldy; "follow me."

Katy followed Goldy all the way until she came to the chest, where she saw all those beautiful green, orange, and purple jewels—jewels of all colours of the rainbow, shining and sparkling. On the lid was "1422," so you can see how old they were. The funny thing was that when Katy stuck her head into the chest, the lid banged shut. The lid fell because of a fern swaying.

She woke up and found that some careless person had knocked over the bowl of goldfish and it had crashed on the floor. Now wasn't that a sad ending for a dream?

SAUNDRAY BOGERT, IV A

—o—

O SUSAN BLUE!

O Susan Blue, how-do-you-do?

Please may I go for a walk with you?

Where shall we go? Oh, I know,

Down in the meadow where the cowslips grow.

ROBIN SMITH, III A

THE WIND STORM

One night we were at the movies but we could not stay because the lights kept going on and off. So we got on our coats and rubbers. When we got outside a whole lot of snow fell down off the roof and we all got frightened. One of the wires fell down, but a man told us where to go over the wire. Then we were safe in the house, but a lot of people cried. That night we all slept together. In the morning we saw some of our best trees down. One tree just missed the house.

ROBIN SMITH, III A

—o—

THE MAGIC CUP

Once upon a time a little cup stood on the top shelf of Mrs. White's cupboard with all the other cups. This particular cup was a magic one that had belonged to Mrs. White's great-grandmother. It was a very pretty little cup, made of china, with coloured flowers all over it.

One day a terrible thing happened, though. Mrs. White was having a tea party. The maid took all the cups down from the shelf and put them on the tray. By mistake she took the magic one also. Then, when everything was ready, she served out. The cup went to a very discontented lady who was always wishing for something or other.

After she had finished her tea she said, "Oh dear, I wish my husband would buy me a fur coat for Christmas. Last year he only gave me a car, and anyway I never use it, because I don't know how to drive it."

Lo, and behold! Out of the cup came a puff of smoke which soon turned into a genie.

Then the genie said in a very loud voice, "I am the Genie of the Cup."

All the ladies screamed in terror as they saw him, and ran out of the room, all except the discontented lady. She was frightened, but not frightened enough to go out of the room.

She said in a shaky voice, "I—w—would like a nice new mink coat, please."

In an instant a beautiful coat stood before her.

All the women came rushing back when they heard a screech of delight come from the living-room. They all wanted to try to wish, but in their great rush they broke the poor little cup. It was a sad ending for it.

SANDRA STEWART, IVA

MADAME LAMPRECHT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

The day of Madame Lamprecht's birthday we planned a surprise party. Miss Wallace came over and took Madame for a walk, because Mrs. Wiggett told Madame that we were to have a silent Rest Hour, and that she would look after us. While Miss Wallace was taking Madame on the walk we were getting the party ready. There was a huge cake and some punch. A lucky thing happened that day because Barbara and Beverley Rooney got a big basket of fruit which they generously contributed to the party. When everything was ready we all sat very still and quiet in the living-room, while Mrs. Wiggett met Madame at the door.

She said, "Madame, there are some guests waiting in the living-room for you."

Madame quickly took off her coat and walked into the room. Imagine her surprise when we all stood up and sang, "Happy Birthday to you." I certainly think that it was a surprise, don't you?

SAUNDRAY BOGERT, IV A

—o—

A WINTER WONDERLAND

Have you ever woken up on a cold winter morning and smelled winter in the air? I think it is one of the loveliest things in life. As you pull back the warm covers your gaze falls on the window and you notice that Jack Frost has been painting frost pictures during the night. Now you are dressed and ready to go out for a brisk walk before breakfast. As you step outside you see that everything has been changed into a white fairyland. The telephone wires and trees no longer exist, but have been replaced by white fairy-like things. A snowflake falls on your lapel and the wind stings your cheeks. You stand enchanted on the spot, but, also, all good things must come to an end, and the smell of breakfast is strong upon the air. You reluctantly step out of this wonderland into a world of reality.

JILL WOODS, VB

—o—

A WALK IN THE WOODS

As I was walking in the woods one day,
I saw a rabbit turn my way.
He ran and hid behind a tree,
And there was no one left but me.

JANE MITCHELL, III A.

HOW THE BLUE HORIZON WAS MADE

One day Felix, the Cat, went out for his usual walk.

"I'm going to the White Wood," he said with determination.

Then he shivered.

"Ghosts! Boo!" shouted his friend, Dasher.

"Oh, don't scare me like that; I'm going to the White Wood. Good-bye."

Off he went. Soon he came to the White Wood. He took a deep breath and stepped in. That instant he heard a wicked laugh.

"So I've got you, young man," said an old witch. Now I will do what I have wanted to do for a long time."

With that she mumbled a few magic words and he was immediately changed into a blue horizon. He was so frightened of everyone that from then to this day he has never been touched, and that's the way it all happened.

JUDY PERRON, IV B



JANE MITCHELL }
BEVERLEY ROONEY } III A

THE CUPBOARD OF CONFISCATION IN THE EYES OF A NEW GIRL

It is indeed a great celebration
When we have solved this situation,
(And have finished the operation,
Of finding out the right location
Of the cupboard of confiscation!

Then to the cupboard of confiscation
We make many a visitation
To look at the great deposition
(Of which we have no explanation)
In the cupboard of confiscation!

Of course we make a big objection
To the rather limited selection,
And we ask for much protection
Against this horrible collection
In the cupboard of confiscation!

DIANE SMITH, VB



THE SKUNK'S STRIPE

Once upon a time skunks were all black, and all skunks had a perfume that nobody liked. So one day all the animals of the woods got together—the wolves, the foxes, the raccons, the owls and the porcupines. They thought, and thought, and thought. But not even the owl as wise as he is, nor the fox as cunning as he is, could think of a way to stop the skunk.

Another thing was that they could never distinguish him at any distance, because the racoon looked black and all the others looked black too. But soon the matter was settled, when some farmers' dogs got sprayed. Then the men made lots and lots of traps and they caught all the skunks, and they put a white streak of paint down their backs. And that's how the skunk got his stripe.

BAMBI REEVES, IV B



JOAN OF ARC'S CRY

Onward to victory, onward to France!
Come, my young men, make your horses prance;
Make your way by means of the sword.
The route we must follow is down by the ford
Across the hills to Castle McCord.
Up on the battlements stands the brave Glasdale
In his handsomely-cut coat of mail.
The battle is started, and all are stout-hearted,
'Cause the English have lost the general they had.
France was victorious!
Oh, it was glorious!

SANDRA STEWART, IV A



The Staff



Staff Directory

Gillard, Miss A. E., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
 Brand, Miss P., 499 Marmier Ave., Montreal South, P.Q.
 Cailteux, Mlle O., King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
 Collins, Miss J., 456 Pine Ave. W., Apt. 4, Montreal 18, P.Q.
 Elliott, Mrs. G., Sawyerville, P.Q.
 Genest, Mlle Y., 2347 Grand Blvd., Montreal, P.Q.
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 Hughes, Miss H., 614 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.
 Irwin, Miss A., 264 Argyle Ave., Verdun, P.Q.
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 U.S.A.
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 MacDonald, Miss A., Port Hastings, Nova Scotia.
 Macdonald, Miss S., Clementsport, Nova Scotia.
 MacLennan, Miss F. A., 3 Dalhousie Street, Halifax, N.S.
 McCleery, Miss J., 28 Elmcourt Rd., West Norwood, London,
 England.
 Morris, Miss E., Cupids, Conception Bay, Newfoundland.
 Morris, Miss M. S., Box 332, 5 Gibson Ave., Grimsby, Ontario
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 Ramsay, Miss J. S., 329 George Street, Fredericton, N.B.
 Rochon, Miss T., Box 580, Sturgeon Falls, Ontario.
 Wallace, Miss D. E., Box 41, Warden, P.Q.
 Watt, Mrs. H., 141 Coolbreeze Ave., Lakeside, P.Q.
 Wiggett, Mrs. E., Dixville, P.Q.

K.H.C. O.G.A. News

MEETING A CHALLENGE

I was asked to write "something" for the magazine this year, and when I enquired—"upon what subject"? I was told that some of you were interested in knowing something about my work. I only wish I could tell you in detail but time is running out and space is limited.

I have a motive in mind when telling you about my present position. However, this motive is not only in my own interest but also in the interest of those of you who are leaving school this year and to the "Old Girls" as well.

The Montreal General Hospital opened a new department last July, based on an idea that the United States had adopted several years ago. This idea is to have volunteers working in hospitals on a professional basis.

In war time, volunteers are plentiful and are made to feel tremendously needed. But there are so many places for volunteers at all times, particularly in an institution such as the Montreal General Hospital where treatment, care, teaching and research is given voluntarily to the community, in spite of slim budgets.

Concern for human well-being should be in everyone's mind if they are true Christians and believe in democracy. The Volunteer Department at the Montreal General Hospital offers you the opportunity to meet this challenge. So far, with the standards and policies that have been developed,

it is felt that the volunteers are receiving useful training and experience in return for their contribution of service to the hospital. Some of the assignments require little specialized experience, while others make use of the skills and techniques with which many volunteers are already equipped.

It is essential that a volunteer be prompt and dependable, otherwise she should not assume the responsibilities involved in working in a hospital. The minimum amount of time required of a volunteer is eight hours a week and she should be sure that she has a sincere concern for the work to be done.

At present, volunteers are working on research projects in clinics, the library, gift shop, canteen, pharmacy and technical departments. A driving corps does invaluable work in transporting patients to and from clinics or in transporting Social Service workers making home visits.

I could go on indefinitely listing the various jobs but I would far rather have you visit me and see for yourselves. Think about this seriously and if you do join our Volunteer Department, your unselfish, loyal and devoted work will represent a priceless contribution which will be truly appreciated by the doctors, nurses and patients of the Montreal General Hospital.

FLORA McD. BAPTIST, Director,
Volunteer Department.
Montreal General Hospital.

MARRIAGES

Sheila Elder	to Mr. Raymond Eric Parsons	on September 12, 1950
Shirley Anne Kennedy	to Mr. Bartlett Gordon Love	on October 28, 1950
Carol Aikins	to Mr. Arnold Beichman	in October, 1950
Margaret Hope Davidson	to Capt. Kenneth Michael Dibben	on July 6, 1950
Julia Mackenzie	to Mr. Hamilton Fish	on February 3, 1951
Nancy Donaldia Todd	to Mr. Robert Graham Fowle	on March 17, 1951
Alice Evelyn Ross	to Mr. Peter John Aird	on March 31, 1951
Jane Ewens	to Mr. John Ayers Heald	on September 25, 1950
Anne Morkill	to Mr. Leonard Berry, in Lima, Peru	on February 9, 1951
Mary Hobart	to Mr. John Fuller	
Heather McIver	to Mr. James Stenhouse	
Shirley Harrison	to Mr. P. M. Stoker	
Jennifer Parry	to Mr. E. A. Chandler	
Sheila Ramsay	to Mr. D. T. Bourke	
Sally Boothe	to Mr. J. R. Fleming	
Shirley Erskine	to Mr. R. P. Westcott	
Nancy Hooper	to Mr. J. R. O'Kell	
Betty Rogers	to Mr. John D. Bradley	
Elizabeth Sewall	to Mr. Hobart Gary	
P. A. Jackes	to Mr. John Tryon	
Audrey Patricia Orr	to Mr. Roger William Hutchins	on May 5, 1951

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Johnston	(Josette LaCaille)	a daughter	April 31,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. George Dube	(Betty Krauser)	a son	April 26,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Michael W. Townsend	(Jean Ross)	a son	June 21,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacLaren	(Joy Harvie)	a son	June 21,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Paterson	(Rosalie Anne Ballantyne)	a son	June 25,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gordon Magee	(Phoebe Anne Freeman)	twins, a son and a daughter	July 16,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Laird W. Bovaird	(Sheila Birks)	a son	August 9,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Conrad deL. Porteous	(Françoise Raymond)	a daughter	August 11,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Brian Lamplugh	(Mary McCort)	a daughter	September 22,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Edwards	(Joan Ogilvie)	a daughter	October 13,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. F. Ronald Graham, Jr.	(Mimi Moncel)	a son	October 16,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Keith I. Ellson	(Kay Littler)	a daughter	December 22,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. Timothy H. Dunn	(Pamela Holt)	a son	January 7,	1951
Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Hannaford	(Joan Hebden)	a daughter	January 27,	1951
Mr. and Mrs. James N. Morton	(Lucille Molson)	a son	February 20,	1951
Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Winser	(Joan Price)	a daughter	March 9,	1951
Insp. J. A. Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson	(Dorothy Newton)	a daughter	March 11,	1951
Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon McOuat	(Mary Fisher)	a daughter	March 21,	1951
Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller	(Mary Hobart)	a son	March 21,	1951
Lt. and Mrs. Leslie W. Clapham	(Peg O'Connor Fenton)	a son	March 21,	1951
Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Oland	(Betty Shuter)	a son	March 31,	1951
Mr. and Mrs. Austin Johnston	(Audrey Kerrigan)	a daughter	October 17,	1950
Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Beck	(Anne Morgan)	a daughter	March 3,	1951

DEATHS

Mrs. E. W. Hovey (Susanna M. Carter) on February 9th, 1951, in her 81st year, at her home in Rock Island, Que. She was a pupil at Compton Ladies' College in 1887, winning the Silver Medal of her year. Her daughter, Mrs. P. N. Poaps (Lois M. Hovey) of Rock Island, was a pupil of K.H.C. in 1912-1913 in the Special Form.

Exchanges

LEEDS GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Leeds, England.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.

EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.

LUDEMAS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.

BISHOP'S STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: B.S.S., Toronto, Ont.

LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, Que.

THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.

TRAFALGAR ECHOES: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.

THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.

THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.

THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.

THE PIBRACH: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.

THE MITRE: U. B. C., Lennoxville, Que.

THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Lennoxville, Que.

TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.

THE HELICONIAN: Moulton College, Toronto, Ont.

SAMARA: Elmwood, Ottawa, Ont.

INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.

THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.

THE EAGLE: Rupert's Land Girl's School, Winnipeg, Man.

THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.

THE GROVE: Lakefield, Ont.

HATFIELD HALL: Cobourg, Ont.

THE ALMAPHILIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

School Directory

Allan, Deidre, 190 Senneville Rd., Senneville, P.Q.
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 Alston, Mary, 169 Bromley Ave., Moncton, New Brunswick.
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 Bailey, Cynthia, 4870 Cote des Neige Rd., Apt. 705, Montreal, P.Q.

Beattie, Nancy, Chambly, Canton, P.Q.
 Beaubien, Margot, 1321 Sherbrooke St., West, Apt. C-20, Montreal, P.Q.

Bieler, Sylvie, 33 Hill St., Kingston, Ont.
 Boccock, Robin, P.O. Box 14, Sandown, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Bogert, Fiona, "Spring Hill," Georgeville Road, Magog, P.Q.
 Bogert, Saundray, "Spring Hill," Georgeville Road, Magog, P.Q.
 Boright, Anne, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Bulman, Sheila, 6 Summit Ave., Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.
 Cameron, Ann, 291 Park Road, Rockcliffe, Ottawa, Ontario.
 Caridi, Glory, Apartado aereo 110, Barranquilla, Colombia, South America.

Caridi, Raquel, Apartado aereo 110, Barranquilla, Colombia, South America.

Chaplin, Jean, Abbotsford, P.Q.
 Chaplin, Meredith, Abbotsford, P.Q.
 Chester, Susan, 585 River Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Chonchol, Raquel, Apartado 1828 Caracas, Venezuela, South America.

Crawford-Brown, Lynne, 51 Dunvegan Road, Toronto, Ontario.
 Creery, Elizabeth, Admiral's House, H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, B.C.

Creery, Patricia, 5 Lansdowne Ridge, Westmount, P.Q.
 Cuthbertson, Susan, 597 Berwick Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Montreal, P.Q.

Dawkins, Pat, 537 Querbes Ave., Outremont, P.Q.
 DeMorest, Linda, 116 Tremay Road, Noranda, P.Q.
 Donald, Gillian, 17 Howard Avenue, Sherbrooke, P.Q.

Donald, Joan, "Fairview," Ancaster, Ontario.
 Downs, Shirley-Anne, 9 Clough Avenue, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 Drew, Diana, 1611 Selkirk Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.

Drummond, Barbara, 47 Rosemount Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 Eakin, Shirley, 736 Lexington Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 Ellis, Pat, 540 Kenaston Ave., Town of Mt. Royal, Montreal, P.Q.

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 Faulkner, Claire, P.O. Box 67, St. Agathe des Monts, P.Q.
 Fellows, Mary, 3957 Ramezay Ave., Montreal, P.Q.

FitzGerald, Isabel, 188 Main St., Lachute, P.Q.
 Fry, Janet, 16 Thornhill Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 Garland, Valerie, 3440 Simpson St., Montreal P.Q.

Gemmell, Jenepher, 286 Waverly St., River Heights, Winnipeg, Man.

Gilbey, May, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 Gill, Valerie, 17 Bergen Ave., Hillsdale, New Jersey, U.S.A.
 Gilmour, Mary, 49 St. James Place, Hamilton, Ontario.

Gilmour, Nan, 49 St. James Place, Hamilton, Ontario.
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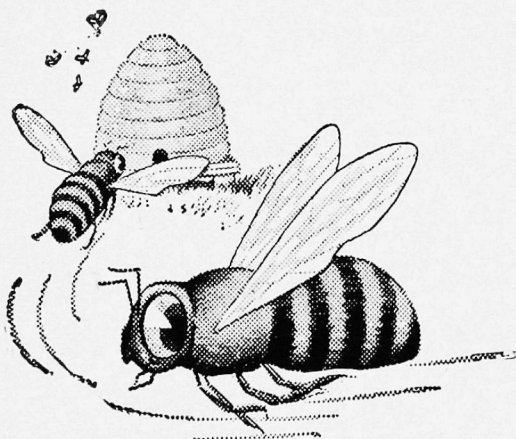
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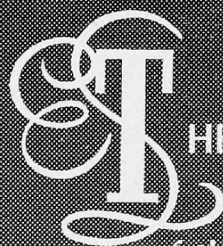
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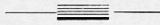
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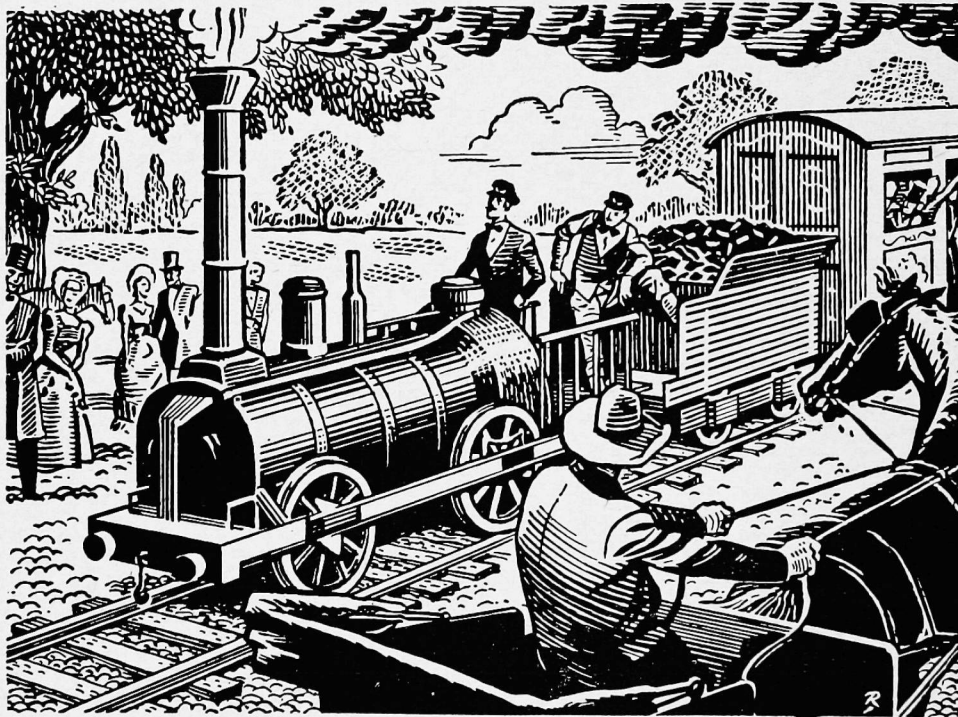
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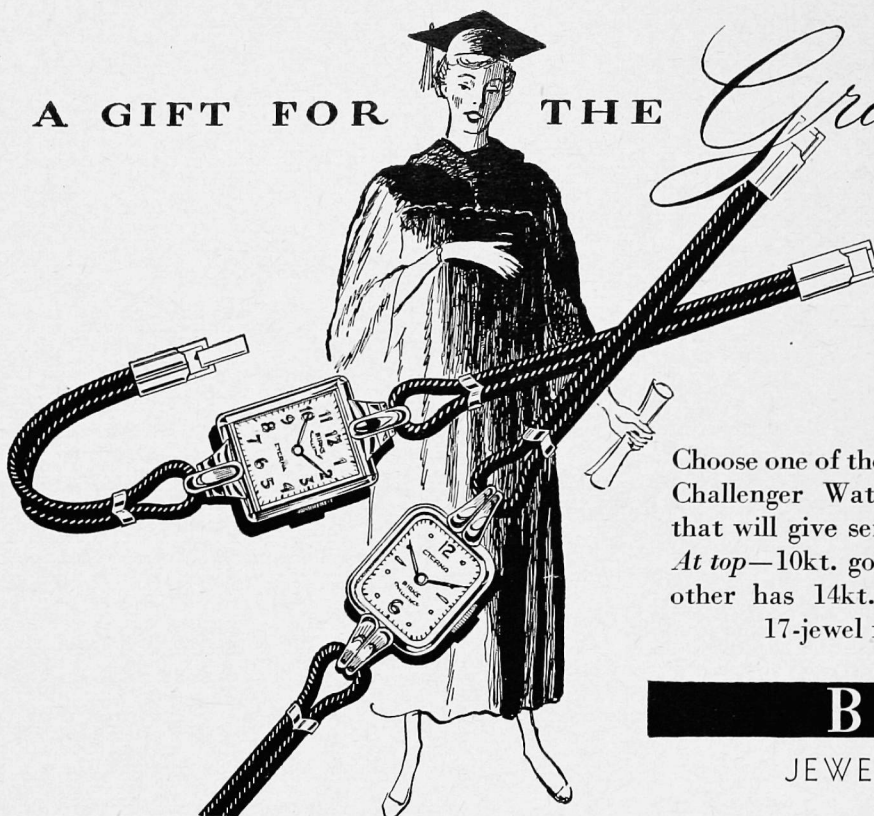
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